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ONE SHILLING.

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IN CAPTURED BOURLON VILLAGE: A VIEW FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



By G. K. CHESTERTON

IT is not often that a slip of the pen is really a mistake—or at any rate a mistake that matters. But one appeared lately in this column which, though small in itself, is highly symbolic in connection with the war. I ought to have written "A race with no records or monuments may have gone anywhere," or words to that effect. Somehow the "no" was omitted, with results that recall the printer who omitted the word "not" from the Ten Commandments. He was no friend to that merely negative and forbidding morality so much criticised in the modern world. The Table of the Law, when he had done with it, must have consisted of a series of highly positive, encouraging, and perhaps somewhat surprising commands. Anyhow, my own remark emerged in the form "A race with records and monuments may have gone anywhere"—which, I must modestly believe, makes rather less sense than the sentence I intended. And I draw the distinction, and recur to the sentence, because I think it does really involve an interesting point about German defence and defeat—a point that has been somewhat neglected.

What I meant was roughly this. When the Germans say, for instance, that Alsace is "old German land," they are really taking advantage of the fact that there was no old German law. They are building their theory on the very barrenness of their barbaric origins. The French appeal to something that can be defined—to certain treaties, tenures, relations, and exchanges which can be followed in the fine French historical books on the subject. But the wandering savages who came down southward in the Dark Ages made no particular treaties and recorded no particular votes. Thus the barbarians claim to have been everywhere because they might have been anywhere, but have left traces of it nowhere. If somebody said that the Romans went to China, we should ask why there were no Roman remains; but a tribe of nomads might go to China without anything remaining. A Roman camp would probably last; a Gypsy camp would not. If the Normans had gone to Poland, they might have built at Warsaw as they did at Westminster. But the Vandals might have been to Westminster, and only destroyed something without building anything. That is the Teutonic theory as taught by the modern Teutons. They base their whole claim to have done something on what they did not do.

Now this instinct for making the past a barbaric blank counts for a great deal in this war, and especially in the present discussions about peace. The effect of the North Germans is wholly nihilist and negative. They destroyed many things by their mode of war—treaties, territories, homes and churches and hospitals; but they would destroy

something even by the mode of peace, if that something be only a memory. They have abolished many things in the war; and all they wish now is to abolish the war. I do not mean in the sense in which we all wish to abolish it, but in a very peculiar sense of their own. I do not mean that they wish to see it end; but rather that they will assume that it never began. It was once said that the gods themselves cannot undo what has been; but the Goths have always counted themselves above the gods. The meaning of the notion of retiring to their own frontiers, from foreign territory, is this old nomadic notion that the tribes may go anywhere and need leave no trace of where they have been. It need not be their land, or anybody else's land; it all depends on the fortune of war, for they have no true idea of the owner-

certain machine of military and economic power was put together about 1870, and went suddenly to work in 1914. When we say we want it to stop, we do not mean merely that we want to end the working of the machine for the last four years; we mean that we want to end the existence of the machine for the last forty years. Certainly that machine is not identical with the German peoples, who have been better without it in the past, and will, please God, be better without it in the future. But that machine is the German Empire, and is what most people mean by Germany. Above all, it is what the German peoples have hitherto trusted, and have consented to call Germany. It has been, in plain fact, regarded as the greatest success in the world. It must be regarded as the greatest failure in the world. But for that sort

of effect of failure it is not enough that it should fail. It is not enough that it should merely *not* do something which we believe it was trying to do, but which it denies having had any thought of doing. The machine must not only come to a stop; it must come to a smash. Nothing else will produce the particular effect at which we are aiming—the effect of abnormal disaster, following an abnormal experiment. The solution must be something altogether outside that atmosphere of old anarchy, of tribal tides passing and repassing without real landmarks. There must be a landmark that is a trophy of thanksgiving and a beacon of warning.



GREETING THE CURÉ OF CAMBRAI: SIR DOUGLAS HAIG AND M. CLEMENCEAU IN THE CAPTURED TOWN. Sir Douglas Haig and M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, visited Cambrai a few days ago, and congratulated the Curé, who had remained there during the German occupation. M. Clemenceau returned to Paris on the 14th, after a two-days' visit to the Front.—[British Official Photograph.]

ship of land. Now the case against accepting this mere retirement as a readjustment is that it is full of this formless and lawless spirit; and that we must found the new Europe on something more stable and solid than the mere cbb of a tide. We cannot build our cities on a retreating sea, any more than on an advancing sea. This spirit will always forget rapidly, and have a cold fit after its hot fit. It will always support a mood against a memory. But Christendom has a memory because it has a meaning; and it must know what its settlement really means.

I take it that what most of us mean is something like this. We have no desire or dream of preventing Bavaria being Bavarian, or Saxony being Saxon; and therefore none, in that sense, of preventing Germany being German. But we do propose to prevent the German Empire being imperial. We oppose the German Empire on two clear and conclusive grounds—first, that it is not German; and second, that it is an Empire. It is not a nation, but an Empire; and it is not a German Empire, but a Prussian Empire. A

hundred times that nothing could effect this cleansing of Christendom except a sensational—or, if you will, a theatrical—victory in the field. It has been said so often that the reader may be as tired of reading it as the writer is tired of writing it; but the writer has not said and will not say anything else. For there must always be monotony in advice while there is consistency in policy. It was necessary to say that the only national aim was the ruin of the Prussian imperial system, when all our own schemes seemed to be in ruins. There was nothing else to say; and we said it. This was the ideal of the nations, even if it was unattainable. It would be strange if we abandoned it now that it is almost attained. This was our hope when we were hopeful; it would be strange if it were not even a faith when it is almost a fact. Those who have, through such heart-rending times, still preferred victory to peace will hardly be found grumbling when they are near to both. But doubtless there will be debating till the very end; and men will be found discussing the insuperable difficulties of doing it when the news has come that it is done.

CAPTURED, WITH ITS FAMOUS WOOD: BOURLON VILLAGE IN RUINS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



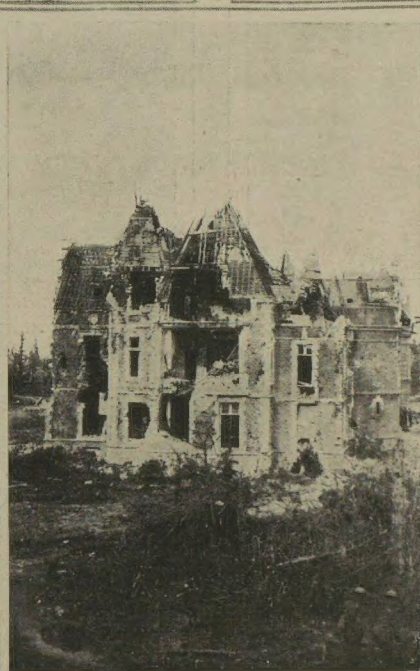
CAPTURED (WITH ITS FAMOUS WOOD) BY THE CANADIANS:
THE VILLAGE OF BOURLON, NEAR CAMBRAI.



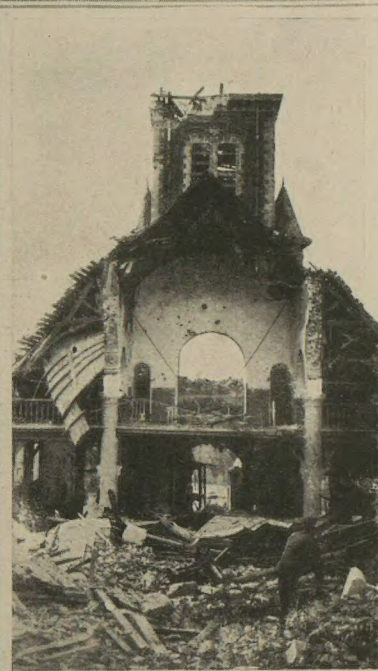
"IN OLD DAYS OF PEACE A BEAUTY SPOT . . . IT IS ALL SMASHED NOW":
BOURLON—ANOTHER VIEW.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF BOURLON CHURCH:
THE FRONT AND TOWER.



ONCE A PLEASANT COUNTRY SEAT:
THE CHÂTEAU AT BOURLON.



WITH THE NAVE ALL FALLEN IN: THE
"INTERIOR" OF BOURLON CHURCH.



"ITS WHITE CHÂTEAU HAS ESCAPED TOTAL DESTRUCTION":
THE DAMAGED FRONT OF THE HOUSE.



"A RED-BRICK VILLAGE," OF WHICH THE BRICKS REMAIN:
A CORNER OF RUINED BOURLON.

Bourlon and its famous wood lie some four miles west of Cambrai, and were captured by the Canadians on September 27. Writing on September 28, Mr. Philip Gibbs says: "I walked through Bourlon, where there had been bloody fighting. It is a red-brick village, and in old days of peace must have been a beauty spot on that high hill as it nestled in the arms of the forest. It is all 'smashed' now, but its white château has

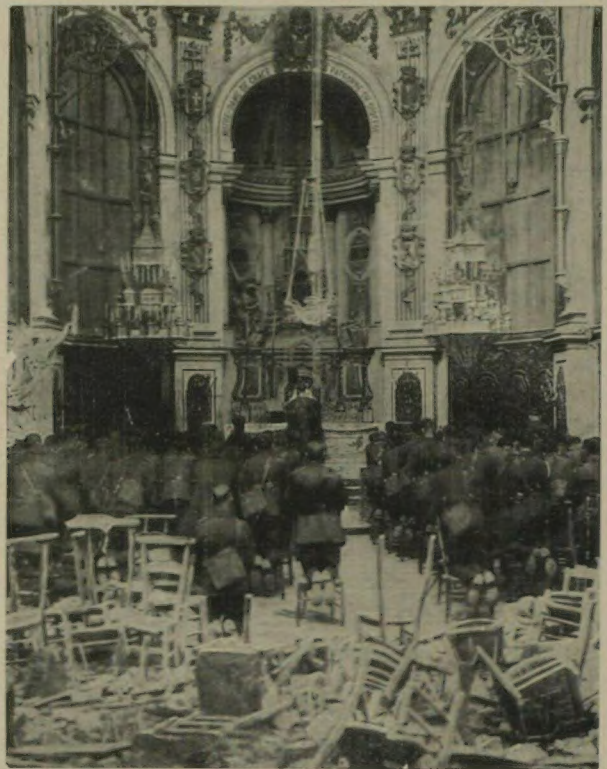
escaped total destruction, and still stands enough to show its architecture, like a mediæval house, with a pointed turret. Here and there a group of little old houses and barns nestle in the deep foliage, looking undamaged until one passes close. . . . To-day, so soon after the capture of this place, London 'buses drove through Bourlon village to carry back our wounded, . . . a proof of victory which London people would like to know."

IN CAPTURED CAMBRAI: FRENCH AND BRITISH PIETY; GERMAN SACRILEGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS—BRITISH OFFICIAL, AND CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



A PITIFUL RELIC OF GERMAN VANDALISM: BRITISH SOLDIERS UNEARTH A CHILD'S TOY PERAMBULATOR IN THE RUINS OF CAMBRAI.



WITH A CONGREGATION OF BRITISH SOLDIERS AND FRENCH CIVILIANS: THE ABBÉ THUILLIEZ HOLDING A THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL.



TIED IN BUNDLES READY FOR REMOVAL BY THE GERMANS, BUT LEFT BEHIND IN THEIR HASTY RETREAT: A COLLECTION OF CHURCH CANDLESTICKS.



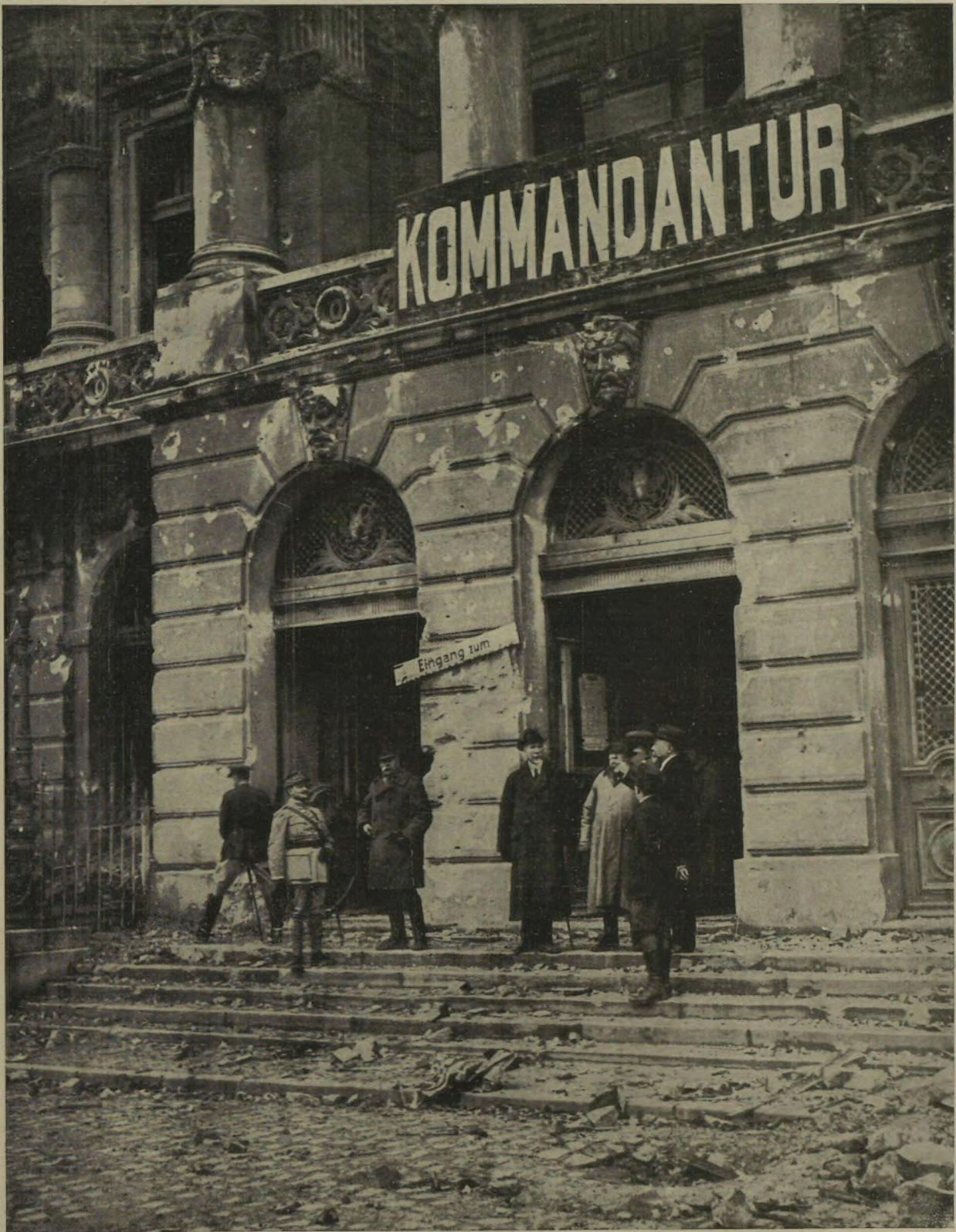
WHERE BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR WERE INCARCERATED BY THE GERMANS: A GATEWAY IN THE CITADEL OF CAMBRAI.

As our first photograph shows, the Germans reduced the centre of Cambrai to ruins before they left. On Sunday, October 13, the Abbé Thuilliez held in the cathedral a service of thanksgiving for the deliverance of the town, and prayers were offered for those who lost their lives in taking it. In the background of the photograph, in the front row of the congregation, is seen a small group of civilians—men and

women—who had remained in Cambrai, hiding in cellars, from which they emerged on the entry of the Canadians. The Abbé Thuilliez himself displayed great heroism during the German occupation, continuing his ministrations even under threats against his life. Sacrilegious as ever, the Germans had prepared to loot church property at Cambrai in the shape of a collection of candlesticks.

"EINGANG ZUM—": THE LEADER OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN CAMBRAI.

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE LATE GERMAN HEADQUARTERS: SIR DOUGLAS HAIG (THIRD FROM LEFT) AND M. CLEMENCEAU (NEXT BUT ONE) IN CAPTURED CAMBRAI.

There is something significant and symbolic in the fragment of a German notice-board seen here above Sir Douglas Haig's head as he stands on the steps of the building lately used by the Germans as their Kommandantur (or Headquarters) in Cambrai. It may well be that the victory there may give us and our Allies the entry into something still more important. Cambrai, in this sense, may prove the threshold of an advance which

may end—who knows where?—possibly in Berlin. On our Note-Book Page in this issue appears another photograph illustrating the recent visit of Sir Douglas Haig and M. Clemenceau to Cambrai—showing them in conversation with the Curé who had stayed in the town throughout the German occupation. M. Clemenceau, who had been paying another of his many visits to the Front, returned to Paris on the 14th.

THE NAVAL ASPECT OF AN ARMISTICE.

By FIFERAIL.

IN his reply to the German request for a suspension of hostilities preliminary to the discussion of peace terms, President Wilson took the only possible course by referring the enemy to the Allied Commander-in-Chief. He also referred to the necessity of guarantees for the maintenance of the Allied supremacy in the field, but, again by implication, left the details of those guarantees for determination by the military command. Since his reply was transmitted to the German Government, there has been some amount of discussion as to the shape the guarantees should take, but these have been confined to the military issues in their narrower aspects, and little or nothing has been heard of the necessary steps to be taken for safeguarding our interests at sea. Of course, it is arguable that the term "military" is used in its wider significance, and thus includes all questions affecting the sea war; but that has not been made clear, and the man in the street does not entirely appreciate the full measure of the guarantees that must be given as a necessary antecedent to any suspension of hostilities.

It is as well for us to realise that whatever terms of armistice may be granted to the enemy—

unless we secure his unconditional surrender—will also form a part of the terms of peace. We can take it as being absolutely certain that, once hostilities have ceased, they will not be resumed and therefore what we do not secure beforehand we shall not get at all. I am speaking now, of course, of the broad issues. For instance, Germany has got to reconstruct Belgium, and must agree to the principle, though the details may be left to settlement later on.

Now, it is quite clear that, before any armistice can become effective, the teeth of the German Navy must be drawn. We cannot allow Germany time and opportunity for the increase and redistribution undisturbed of her submarines, even though we do not believe in a resumption of hostilities. Nor can we leave them to her as a nucleus for the building up of a powerful flotilla for "next time." Neither can we consent to Germany's retention of the second of the world's fighting fleets, which she has prostituted to the most unholy ends all through the war.

Then, again, there is the question of compensation for the losses inflicted on Allied mercan-

tile tonnage by the enemy's submarines. It is not sufficient that Germany should be compelled to pay for these. We want the ships far more than we shall need the money; and, in common justice to ourselves and our Allies, we cannot stand by and see Germany flaunting her flag in all the seven seas while we are building ships to replace those lost. It must be ton for ton as far as the German mercantile fleet will go, and not compensation at so much per ton.

Before, then, we can agree to any cessation of hostilities, our sea interests must be guaranteed equally with the military position on land; and it would seem that the only possible guarantees that will meet the case must include the surrender to the Allies of the whole of the German Fleet, including the submarines, and of the entire German mercantile marine. What we shall do with them can be settled afterwards. It may even be that we can return a certain proportion to Germany; but that is another point altogether. We must have them, to begin with. We cannot, and dare not, trust Germany, and the latter must, therefore, trust us whether she likes it or not.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

By E. B. OSBORN.

NAPOLEON is the model for all modern commanders, though a few of them—for example, the German von Hausen—have at times imitated the methods of Frederick. Both the French and the German leaders in the present war claim to be the disciples of the Corsican master of the science and art of warfare. Indeed, the German Higher Command regarded themselves as constituting an organised and improved version of the Napoleonic brain, in which the master's weaknesses—such as the self-sufficiency that prevented him from explaining the strategic significance of orders to his subordinates—had been completely eliminated. In the light of recent events this notion of a synthetic Napoleon, adapting his genius to modern conditions, strikes one as the climax of unconscious humour. But a great many authorities in this country had accepted it as one of the eternal verities—Professor Spenser Wilkinson, for example, who played Elisha to the Elijah of Clausewitz, and once expressed his regret that Lord Roberts could not read German and so was debarred from imbibing the pure and undiluted doctrine of Teutonic strategists, the only infallible experts. Lord Roberts, however, pinned his faith to the French authorities. He once told me—in 1908, I think—that he thought it took a Frenchman to get a real grasp of the principles of Napoleonic warfare. I am glad to think our grand old General, who never made a mistake in strategy and was admired even by the German war-lords, lived long enough to know that the author of "Des Principes de la Guerre" was a commander of transcendent genius. Had he survived to see the second Battle of the Marne, which has given us the final decision on the Western Front, he would have praised Marshal Foch as the greatest master (since Napoleon) of the Napoleonic battle, which must always be a work of art as well as a scientific theorem.

To win battles the General must not only be acquainted with the science of his business (which is best acquired by that close study of historic campaigns preached and practised by Napoleon), but must also be an artist, adapting his methods to various circumstances and the varying psychology of the enemy. Hence the famous saying of Napoleon: "The commander of an army is everything. It was not the Roman Army which conquered Gaul, but Caesar. It was not the Prussian Army which for seven years fought against the three greatest Powers in Europe, but Frederick the Great." It is not the aggregate numbers that count. The decision depends on numerical superiority at the decisive point—i.e., on the battlefield. Frederick's campaigns provide simple and striking illustrations. Frederick's plan of withholding one wing and using it as a reserve wrecked the brittle

and immobile Austrian machine at Leuthen in a little over an hour, despite the fact that it was double the strength of the Prussian Army and not inferior in equipment. Even in Napoleon's victorious campaigns there is no more striking object-lesson in the advantages of a reasoned plan which concentrates all available force at the point of impact.

Foch and the French strategists have gone straight to the Corsican master for their knowledge of strategic principles and the applications thereof. The German Generals had seen Napoleon all the time through a fog of Teutonic delusions. Clausewitz is the refracting medium through which they have peered at the lessons of the opening age of national warfare. Clausewitz could not be a safe witness in any case; his personal experience of Napoleonic warfare was gained in Russia at a time when the master's wonderful intellect was in ruins and the ascendancy of his personal genius for ever passed away. Moreover, after the Teutonic fashion in all ages, he subordinated reasoning to will-power in his conception of the complete generalissimo. The great General, in his opinion, is the Prussian bully who hacks his way through, despising all the historic refinements of reasoned strategy, by the ruthless use of a numerical superiority. General Two-to-One, in fact, is the only military genius he believes in. It is just possible, however, that the inadequacy of the Clausewitzian interpretation would have been discovered by the German General Staff but for the easy victories of 1870-71, which so fatally ministered to the national arrogance. The Moltke tradition clinched the fatal delusion—that organised will-power overrides reasoning genius in war—which Clausewitz had set up. Bismarck never accepted this tradition; he knew that the Franco-Prussian War was won by the soldiers, not by the Generals, and said so more than once. But nothing he said could prevent the apotheosis of the man of mere will-power, backed by an organisation of unimaginative minds, whose facile victories were the result of the ineptitude of the French Imperial Command, which underrated the Prussian strength, made the strategic blunder of trying to concentrate on the frontier, and had not the confidence of the French nation.

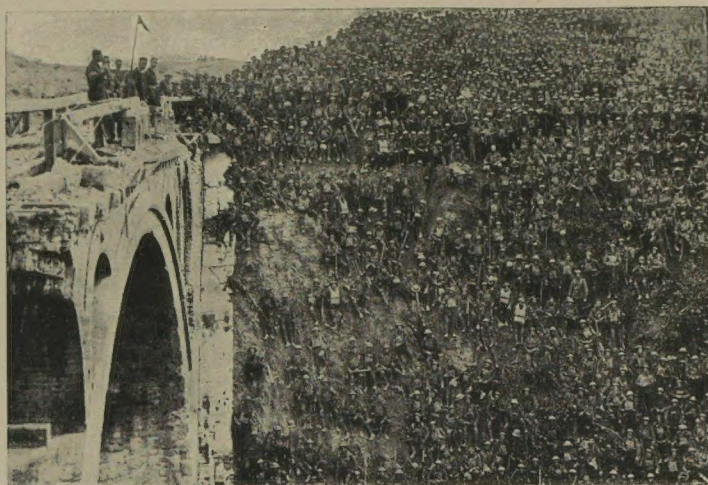
The German victory at Mons, which compelled the retreat of the Allied Forces over a hundred miles, was for us a camouflaged blessing. It confirmed the German Command in its fatal delusion. Henceforth Schamhorst's maxim, "It does not matter so much what you do, so long as you do something," seemed to sum up the whole science of war in a sentence. The first Battle of the Marne ought to have convinced the German leadership that reasoning still had its functions in warfare,

That battle, with its flank attack and subsequent successful thrust at the German centre, was according to the Napoleonic model. The long period of immobilisation following their retreat revealed the intellectual sterility of the German commanders. And in the second Battle of the Marne a decisive victory, followed by a triumphant pursuit, we have witnessed the Napoleonic battle on a gigantic scale. The German idea of doing something and hacking their way through caused the enemy last spring to fall into the fatal error of creating a huge salient which would place him at a deadly disadvantage when attacked by the French Generalissimo's reserves. They fell headlong into the Napoleonic trap. The Allies' strategic "Advance Guard" (to use the Napoleonic term) gave ground on so narrow a front that the enemy, in their eagerness to destroy it, formed a salient with twenty-mile flanks separated from one another by a distance little more than the length thereof. In this salient they accumulated huge forces of men and material in the hopes of operating from interior lines and forcing a way through, first, to Amiens—then to Paris, perhaps. In front was the great railway and road centre of Amiens, by means of which Foch could use his withheld reserves (grossly underestimated by the Germans, largely owing to the Allies' command of the air) in the light of a passage in his "Principles": "A mobile reserve is needed, which is able to operate whenever and wherever required; it must have within its reach the necessary roads." The great field of fire was duly developed for weakening the enemy before the masses of manoeuvre came into play; by retreating, a battlefield without *points d'appui* and outside the difficult crater-zone was secured. The successful flank attacks and the central thrust duly followed, and the pursuit is now turning a defeat into a rout.

And so, once again, the reasoning fire of Napoleonic war-craft burns brilliantly, and devours those who fight by rule-of-thumb, brutally and with a brutish lack of intelligence. The mind of the new Napoleon, so vast in its imaginativeness, yet so simple in its camaraderie with the least of its subordinates, is felt by every member of the Allied armies. The Canadians are proud to be one of Foch's hammer-heads, so let me quote what a Canadian officer says about it all: "We feel there is a vast, tigerish intelligence behind it all—something relentless in reasoning which knows the enemy better than he knows himself. A brain which knows sacrifices must be made—and we don't mind being sacrificed, for we feel that our losses will never be in vain." The sacrificial aspect of the second Battle of the Marne is also Napoleonic. Let us, then, thank Heaven for the mind of Foch.

THE CROSSING OF THE ST. QUENTIN CANAL: GALLANT MIDLANDERS.

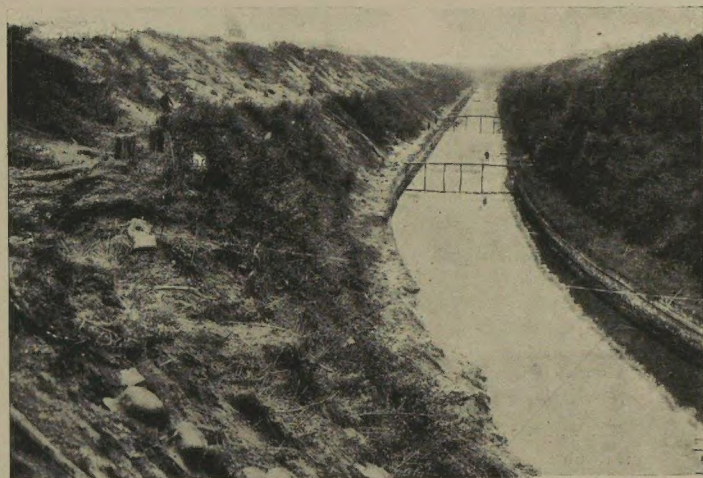
BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



ON THE STEEP BANK OF THE CANAL ACROSS WHICH THEY SWAM: MEN OF THE SOUTH AND NORTH STAFFORDSHIRES.



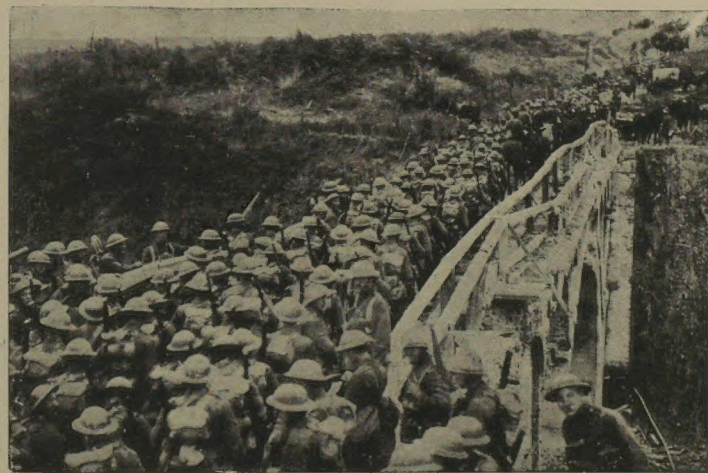
MUSIC IN THE RUINS: THE BAND OF THE 137TH BRIGADE PLAYING IN CAPTURED BELLENGLISE, NEAR THE CANAL.



SHOWING BRIDGES BUILT BY THE ENGINEERS: THE ST QUENTIN CANAL—PART OF THE BROKEN HINDENBURG LINE.



WHERE THE MEN OF THE 46TH DIVISION SWAM ACROSS IN LIFE-BELTS: THE ST. QUENTIN CANAL—TROOPS CLIMBING THE BANK.



SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION BY THE 46TH DIVISION, THUS ENABLING GUNS TO CROSS: A BRIDGE OVER THE CANAL.

"The 20th Corps," wrote Sir Douglas Haig on September 29, "launched an attack at 5.50 a.m. across the Scheldt Canal from Bellenglise. The 46th (North Midland) Division, provided with life-belts, mats, portable bridging material, and rafts, and under cover of concentrated artillery and machine-gun fire, stormed the main Hindenburg defences, which here run along the eastern bank of the canal. Notwithstanding the depth of the water,

the breadth of the canal, and the strength of the enemy's defences, which include the village of Bellenglise and numerous tunnels and concrete works, the men succeeded in capturing the whole of the German position. They then pressed forward with great bravery and determination up the hills beyond the canal, taking many prisoners. Bellenglise, Lehautcourt, and Magny la Fosse are now in our possession."

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

WHAT AEROPLANES CAN DO.—I.

By C. G. GREY,

Editor of "The Aeroplane."

IN view of the interest taken in the present and future doings of aeroplanes by all classes of the community in these days, it seems advantageous to discourse on some of the things which are possible for aeroplanes to-day, on some of the things which were demonstrated as being possible some time ago and yet are not done, and on some of the things which seem likely to be possible in the future. This line of thought was produced by

is necessary; for, as a rule, the pilot opens his throttle gradually, and lets the machine gather speed on the ground equally gradually. If the machine is held back till the engine is running "all out" and is then released suddenly, it will leap off the ground almost immediately. Some six or seven years ago a good many aviators used a species of quick-release gear very similar to that used in the leash with which greyhounds are held at coursing matches, only it was released by the aviator in the aeroplane and not by the person who remained behind. With its aid it was possible to hitch an aeroplane to a gate-post or fence, open the engine wide out, and get off with the shortest possible run. Why it is not used to-day by all cross-country fliers is a mystery.

However, apart from all that, mechanical launching gears, more or less of the catapult type, were advocated some two or three years before the war. In fact, the very first aeroplane which ever flew—that of the Wright Brothers—was

launched along a rail by a catapult gear, and, despite its feeble engine, it rose in a very short distance. Therefore, it is fair to assume that we have already arrived at the time when a big aerodrome is not necessary for starting if it is really desired to start from a small place.

Now as regards landing. One grants that a bird can and does land without a subsequent run. That is the result of inherited ability and personal skill rather than because of any mechanical advantage. A bird's chief advantage in this respect is that he can turn his wings to such an angle that they operate very much like a parachute. At the same time, he is not so very much better than a really skilful aviator on a lightly loaded aeroplane. One knows of many pilots who can land such a machine literally on a pocket-handkerchief. That is to say, they will plank a machine on the ground so that it will not run its own length, and will pull up with the body of the machine covering a handkerchief placed on the ground as a mark.

It is on record that a certain very skilful pilot, for a bet, made ninety landings in a flight of ninety miles between London and Portsmouth, landing whenever his passenger, who was the other party to the bet, gave the signal to

land, and getting up again without assistance. There were no prearranged landing grounds, and most of the country *en route* consists of small fields with many trees round them. In no case was there any space as big as even a small aerodrome. This, however, is an instance of pure personal skill, as in the case of the bird, and cannot be taken as an example of what an ordinary pilot on an ordinary aeroplane can do.

Various experiments have been tried, with varying success, in fitting the wings of aeroplanes with air-brakes, so as to slow them down before they actually touch the ground, and some of these have been very fairly successful.

A particularly interesting experiment in landing in a limited space was tried in 1911 by the late Eugene Ely, a famous American aviator, who flew a Curtiss biplane off the shore at San Francisco and alighted on the deck of the aged American cruiser *Pittsburg*. He had a sloping platform arranged on the stern of the vessel, and across it, at the height of a foot or two, he laid ropes weighted at the ends with sand-bags. The aeroplane landed up the slope, picked up the first of the ropes on the vertical struts of the under carriage, which slowed it somewhat; then a few feet further on it picked up the second rope, and so on. As it collected each rope it had to tow a couple of heavy sand-bags up the slope with it, so that by the time it had to tow a dozen sand-bags the braking effect was very considerable, and the machine actually came to rest in about thirty feet.

A still more ingenious notion was tried by the late M. Pégoud, who is generally known as the first aviator to give public exhibitions of looping-the-loop. He had a simple but ingenious snap-catch arrangement, something like an automatic coupling for railway carriages, fitted in an upright position above his head on a Blériot monoplane. With this he flew along underneath a wire cable stretched between two posts, and guided his machine so that the jaws of the snap-catch clipped the cable. As soon as they did so he switched off his engine,



THE FIRST AEROPLANE FLIGHT OF INDIAN EDITORS VISITING THIS COUNTRY: AT AN AERODROME—SOME BIG BOMBING BIPLANES.—[Official Photograph.]

the recent remark of a well-known writer that "there are two discoveries which so far as can be foreseen will have to be made before the full commercial use of the heavier-than-air machine can be realised. One of these is a means of rising from or alighting on the ground without the preliminary run in the one case, or the subsequent one in the other, which makes the provision of an extensive aerodrome necessary before the machine can safely leave or return to the earth. The other, which may seem to the lay mind to be of far less importance, but which the medical man knows to be at least as indispensable as the other, is some method of silencing the noise of the engine and propellers, and the hum of the wires, lest the roar of hundreds of machines continually crossing to and fro over our heads should make the country as noisy as the town, and thus bar the last refuge for overstrained nerves."

These are certainly very interesting points; but one can safely say that, in the light of past experience, no epoch-making discovery is necessary to satisfy the implied demand. In the first place, purely as a matter of scientific interest, it is useful to note that a good aeroplane actually gets off the ground with a shorter run in proportion to its length than does a bird. Some of the bigger and clumsier birds, such as the vultures, find great difficulty in getting off flat ground at all. They usually launch themselves from a rise in the ground. Even the small birds take two or three long hops before getting off. Sea-birds make a very awkward job of getting off a flat calm, and prefer to launch themselves off the top of a wave. Watch a duck getting off a pond if you want to see a thoroughly bad example of a flying-machine starting.

We can only do better, taking it all round, with modern aeroplanes. A big, heavily laden bomber certainly needs a longish run in which to rise clear of the ground, but when lightly loaded it will get away in a remarkably short space; and the small high-speed scout can, in the hands of a skilful pilot, be lifted off in about twice its own length. But, as a matter of fact, the run which an aeroplane takes is generally much longer than



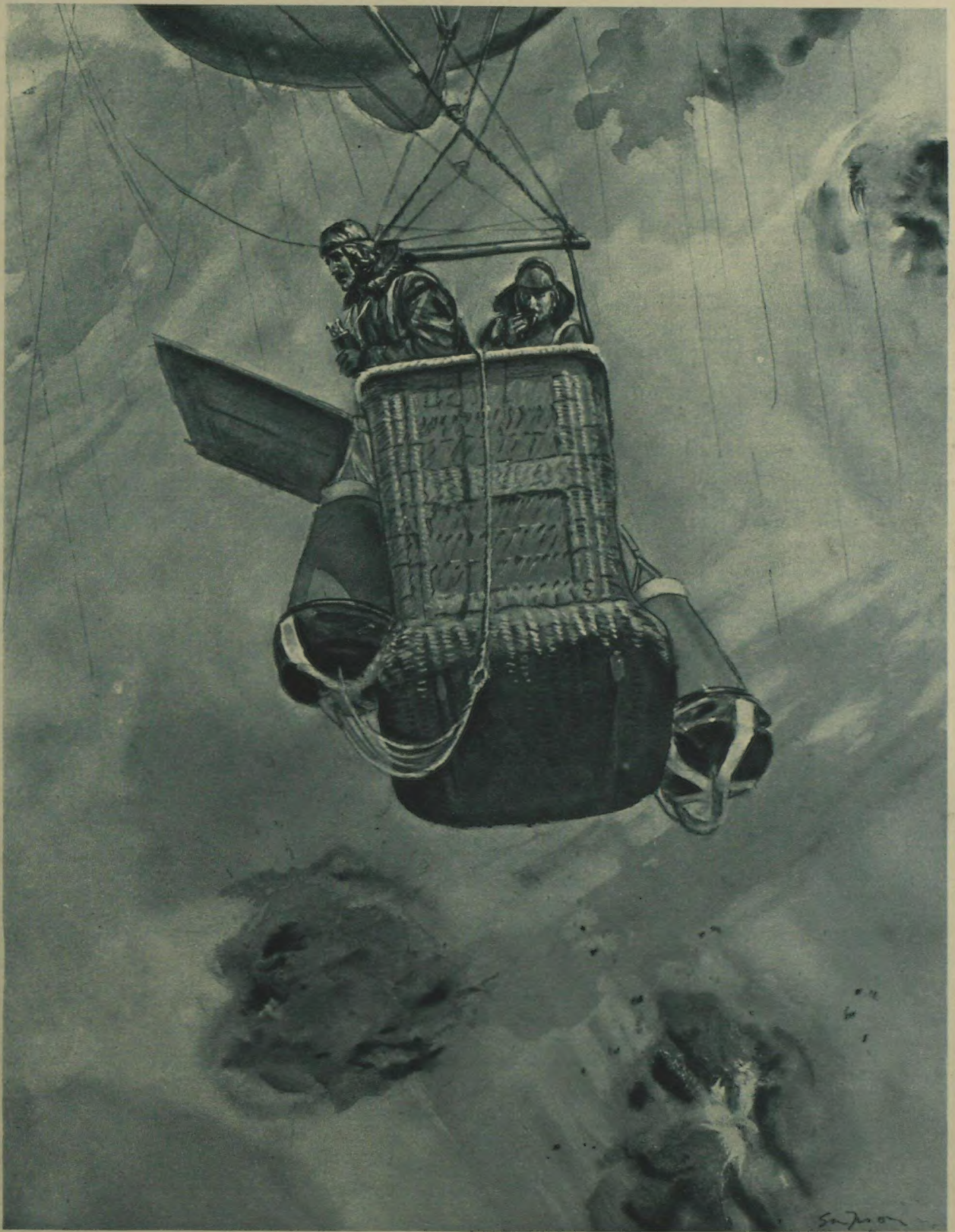
WITH THE PILOT, LIEUT. HARDY (SECOND FROM RIGHT), WHO TOOK THEM UP ON A HANDLEY-PAGE MACHINE: INDIAN EDITORS WHO SAW LONDON FROM THE AIR. Five editors of Indian papers, Mr. J. A. Sandbrook ("Englishman," Calcutta), Mr. H. P. Ghose ("Baumati," Calcutta), Mr. K. Iyengar ("Hindu," Madras), Mr. G. K. Deyadhar ("Dnyan Prakash," Poona City), and Mr. M. Alam ("Parad Akhbar," Lahore), recently arrived in England to study conditions here, and to expound India's splendid contribution to the Empire's war effort. Arrangements were made for them, among other things, to visit aerodromes, munition factories, and the London Docks, and to see London from the air; also to visit the North Country, Scotland, and the Western Front.

Official Photograph.

and the machine, after the catch had slithered for a few feet along the cable, came to rest and hung suspended. This was in 1912.

VICTORS BY TELEPHONE: OUR KITE-BALLOON OBSERVERS UNDER FIRE.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH SIMPSON.



ENABLING OUR BATTERIES BELOW TO DESTROY THE ENEMY GUNS THAT WERE SHELLING THEM: TWO BRITISH OBSERVERS IN A KITE-BALLOON OVER THE WESTERN FRONT.

"In all the recent successful advances," writes Mr. Boyd Cable, "the kite-balloons have played an important part. They are floated up near enough to the front lines to be within enemy gun-range, and from their height the observers are able to look down over the enemy ground, report by telephone the position of enemy troops and batteries, and direct our artillery fire on to them. The enemy turn their guns on to the work of shooting down these balloons, and in one case two of our observers in a kite-balloon

had a deliberate and sustained duel with one of these anti-balloon guns, the gun firing hotly at them and the observers directing our batteries below how their shells were falling about the hostile position. The duel resulted in the complete destruction of the enemy position, and photographs taken afterwards show the gun smashed and the gun-position destroyed. . . . The balloon basket was riddled with shell-fragments, but both the observers were fortunate enough to escape."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GREAT ADVANCE: "HINDENBURG" WIRE; TANKS; A CANAL TUNNEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS—BRITISH OFFICIAL AND CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



THE BREAKING OF THE HINDENBURG LINE: BRITISH TANKS, TROOPS, AND GERMAN PRISONERS.



THE BREAKING OF THE HINDENBURG LINE: BRITISH TANKS AND INFANTRY ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK.



"COUNTLESS BROAD BANDS OF WIRE": A SECTION OF THE ENORMOUSLY STRONG FIELD-WORKS OF THE BROKEN HINDENBURG LINE.



"DEEP AND ROOMY DUG-OUTS": PART OF THE BROKEN HINDENBURG LINE ALONG THE ST. QUENTIN CANAL.

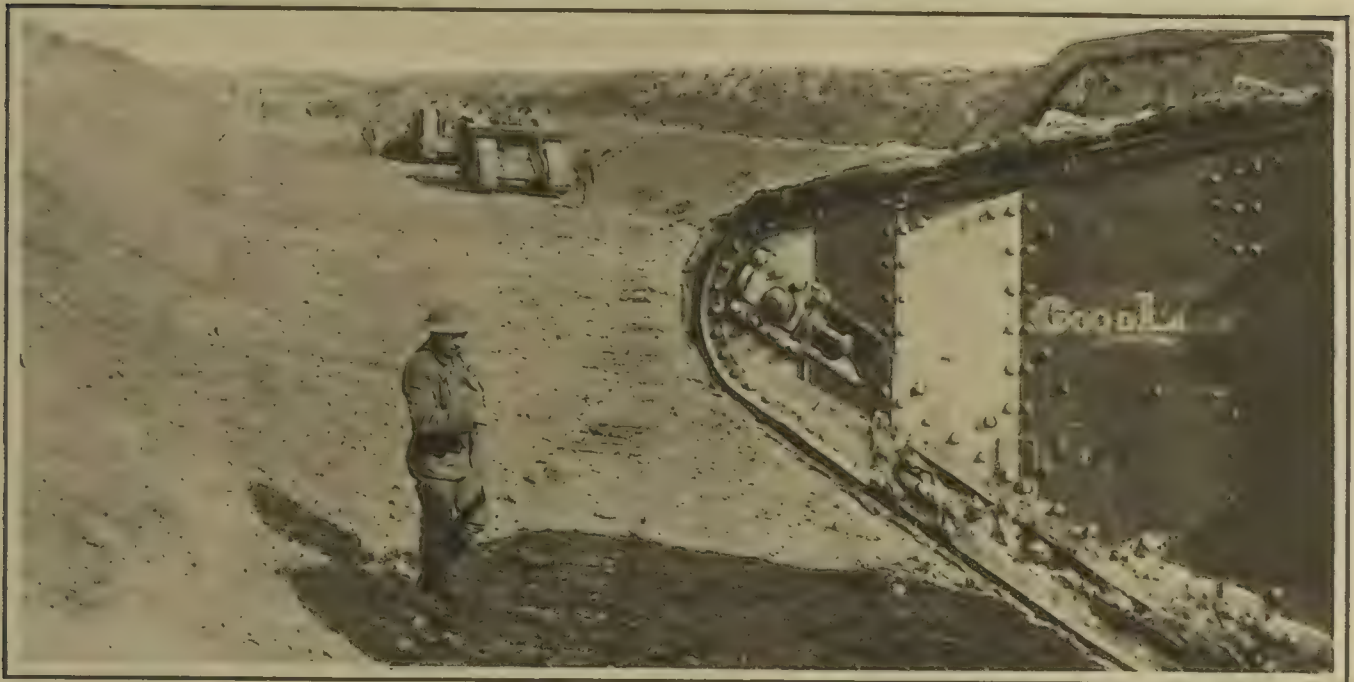


WITH NAPOLEON'S INSCRIPTION OVER THE ARCH: THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL TUNNEL IN WHICH MEN FOUGHT.

During the great advance on Cambrai, British, Dominion, and American troops took part in the storming of the Hindenburg Line in the region of the Scheldt (or St. Quentin) Canal, which at one point passes through a great underground tunnel. Writing on October 1, Mr. C. E. W. Bean says: "This morning the Germans still held the northern end of the tunnel, while we held the south. The barges on which the German troops lived still lie inside the tunnel. The entrance is 80 ft. below the hill surface. Somewhere in that black interior lies the point where the Australian possession of the tow-path ends and the German

begins." On October 2 he writes: "As usual, the Germans rested their defence mainly upon the strength of the tremendous fortifications built across the 3½-miles gap where the canal gave them no protection, with their maze of deep, well-built trenches, countless broad bands of wire, and deep and roomy dug-outs. . . . The Canal runs through a huge cutting, with steep, scrubby banks, and enters the hill by an arched brick tunnel. Over the arch is the inscription, 'Napoleon, Emperor and King, opened the Canal of St. Quentin, which unites the basins of the Seine and the Scheldt, in 1802.'"

Where Tanks Formed a Bridge for Tanks: "Landships" in the Canal du Nord.



"THE CANAL HERE IS ONLY A GREAT DRY DITCH WITH STEEP WALLS": BRITISH TANKS IN THE CANAL DU NORD DURING THE ADVANCE ON CAMBRAI.

It was reported that in the advance across the Canal du Nord a few of our older large Tanks plunged over the steep banks and formed a bridge for the smaller "Whippets." Mr. H. Perry Robinson writes: "Some Tanks were used, but not a great number, and one of the astonishing achievements of the operation is that we succeeded in making

secretly the necessary arrangements to get the Tanks across the deep chasm of the canal. . . . The obvious difficulty of operating on the northern portion was the crossing of the Canal at starting, even though the Canal here is only a great dry ditch with steep walls."—[BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.]

"A Hundred Thousand People Mad with Joy": Lille Crowds Greeting the British Troops.



"NOUS AVONS TANT SOUFFERT!" THE DELIVERANCE OF LILLE—SCENES IN THE GRANDE PLACE.

"Troops of the British Army," said an official despatch of October 17, "have to-day encircled and captured the town of Lille." The enthusiasm of the people was indescribable. The experience of Mr. Perry Robinson, who on entering the town was mistaken for a British General, was typical of the scene. "It was useless to deny it,"

he writes, "for who could argue with a hundred thousand people mad with joy? . . . Cries hailing one as 'saviour' and deliverer mingled with shouts of 'Vive l'Angleterre,' and the constant refrain, 'Nous avons tant souffert.' The extraordinary thing was the multitude of French and Allied flags draping the streets."—[BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.]

"THE SILENT DIVISION" IN THE GREAT ADVANCE:

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE



UNDER MACHINE-GUN FIRE FROM THE HOUSE ON THE RIGHT: NEW

The New Zealanders, who this month have kept the fourth anniversary of the sailing of their original expeditionary force on October 16, 1914, have been taking a gallant part in the great Allied advance on the Western Front. This drawing illustrates a typical example of their steadiness and courage under fire. Though German machine-guns in the house seen on the right were sweeping their ranks, they continued their advance undaunted towards the skyline in the left background. Over the timber bridge built by the Engineers across a 40-foot wide stream, they went in groups of six or eight, and under cover of a mound on the further bank, from the top of which some of them stayed to fire at the enemy's machine-gun post, they deployed into open order in the field beyond. All their objectives were won. "As to the fighting powers of the New Zealanders," writes Dr. J. Holland Rose,

A GALLANT ATTACK BY THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

FROM A SKETCH BY ALFRED PEARSE.



ZEALAND TROOPS ADVANCING TO ATTACK GERMAN POSITIONS.

the well-known historian, who recently visited the front, "there is no need to speak. Nor can I say anything about the kindly attentions showered on me in their dug-outs and tents. I happened to visit them when many of their troops were just back from the trenches for a well-earned rest. They marched in weary, hollow-eyed, but indomitable—there all, silent. To my surprise, their pace revived them in a matter-of-fact way, as if they were coming in from a route march. No clanking, only a soft tread and throb. Yet these men, during their march, had driven the Germans back many miles, had recovered important positions, and seized dumps of German ammunition before it could be blown up. Certainly they merit their sobriquet, 'The Silent Division.' They are men of the old breed, these Britons of the Antipodes." (Drawing Copyrighted to the United States and Canada.)

THE UNITED STATES AT WAR.

XII.—THE REALLY VAST CHANGE OF SENTIMENT TOWARD ENGLAND. * By Edward Marshall.

A SMALL boy—very small, very interested, rather frightened—stood screaming in a sort of awe-stricken joy, July Fourth, 1879, on a village roadway in Western New York State, U.S.A., listening to the crack of rifles, the deeper-toned explosion of fowling pieces, and the definite roar of "sawed off" shot guns, all in the hands of farmers, shopkeepers, various male residents of the village. Since then that small boy, has heard the musketry of battle many times, on two continents, but never has it had a sound so awe-inspiring, so fully gratifying. The fusillade, which continued for an hour, was directed at a British flag which had been swung across the American country roadway by an English-born tavern-keeper before his place of business. Probably he had been drinking. No sober man so would have outraged American popular feeling of that day and on that day. He was one whom all small boys avoided—for was he not an Englishman? He had built a profitable business in spite of his black birth, in spite of the fact which stood out paramount in at least the young American's mind—the mind studying the school history of the time—the fact that he was of the race which had hired Hessians to fight the gallant New England colonists a hundred and three years ago at Bunker Hill. The tavern-keeper fled, had his business sold, and very wisely never showed his face again in that locality. That was one episode of the old, mistaken spirit which existed not so many years ago in the United States, and I was the boy.

Now let us turn to this present month of storm and stress in a world torn by battle and intensely strained by great war-effort. To-day this message comes to me from New York City: "The Sulgrave Institution, named after the English ancestral estate of George Washington, organised to promote a new closeness of relationships between the British Empire and the United States, is planning a nationwide celebration of British Day, Nov. 9, in commemoration of the Battle of Ypres in 1914. All the National Patriotic Societies of the United States are appointing delegates. The resolution passed, which forms the basis of the celebration, refers to the Battle of Ypres, where British Contemptibles taught the world a lesson of steadfastness to duty and to liberty." The message further states that the celebration also recognises with an honour felt in all American hearts the "services so long performed by the magnificent British Fleet in guarding the world's liberty and the freedom of the seas."

The change from the days when I, a little boy wearing a cocked hat of folded paper, dashed with my wooden sword against the golden-rod in a farm field and cut it down with wild enthusiasm, pretending that each stalk was a sturdy British soldier, is great; it has come about in the course of many years. That resolution recognising the British Fleet's services to the cause of liberty indicates a quicker metamorphosis; for when I last left America, in 1916, the feeling among many was extraordinarily strong that British naval ships and naval officers had gone much too far in super-

vising the world's commerce, including ours. A friend straight from New York casually told me yesterday that as he had struggled to his ship on a recent Sunday—when taxicabs were forbidden because they would, if used, consume petrol which might be valuable to the Allies—riding with his luggage upon a sorry wagon drawn by a tragic horse, his progress was arrested at Madison Square because a group of churchgoers had caught sight



ON THE TOP OF A CAPTURED GERMAN POSITION: AMERICANS DIRECTING ARTILLERY-FIRE.—[Photograph by Signal Corps, A.E.F.]

of a British naval officer of high rank, and had knotted in the roadway so that they might reach into his carriage to shake hands with him as they saluted him with cheers.

Obviously it is the duty of every good American to see to it that no little thing or big shall happen on our side to mar this new and beautiful appreciation of our British cousins. Many in America

which grows out of such intimate acquaintanceship as must convince one friend of the dependability of his comrade—that sort of friendship which binds men's souls and women's. In that same Madison Square, New York, which is as central and as much a theatre of the life of the American metropolis as is Trafalgar Square of that of London, has been erected a great structure which is called "The Altar of Liberty." At a recent service there some of the most celebrated artists in the Metropolitan Opera Company (accepted as the greatest singing organisation in the world) risked their precious voices in the open air by singing "The Marseillaise," followed by the American "Battle Hymn of the Republic." "God Save the King," unfortunately, is not an effective anthem for the United States, because the national hymn, "America," is sung to the same tune, and so the melody represents American patriotism rather than a tribute to the British to the American mind. But another artist sang "Rule, Britannia." It is a pity that no song exists which, when sung in the United States, inevitably and thrillingly will bring to American minds the splendour of the British Empire as a whole—its steadfastness, its altruism, its gallantry on land as well as on the sea. In the meantime, at every labour meeting where England and the British are mentioned by a speaker, cheers are spontaneous; and it is noteworthy that a close and cold-blooded (even suspicious) American Secret Service observer believes that these cheers, when they come from German-Americans—which is often the case—are genuine.

As things at present stand, that thing which is British and that thing which is French, those men who are either, those suggestions which emanate from any of the Allied Governments, are given instant sympathy in the United States. A very little cultivation of these most advantageous conditions

will make them even better in the future after the war ends—that brilliant future which now seems so close. For at last we really have "got together." But a fear in many American hearts was expressed to me the other day by a very eminent man from the United States, that when our actual co-operation in the war comes to an end the effort at building the new friendship will cease suddenly—that trade rivalries will obscure it, that quibblings will be fomented by those enemy agents who now are gagged on both sides but who then will find their voices free again; and that some of the immense practical and sentimental advantages will be lost which have been gained. This American, who is of note on both sides—who, indeed, is loved on both sides, wishes to see permanent enterprises for the



ENCAMPED: AMERICANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—[French Official Photograph.]

are aware of this, and will try to see to it. We are looking forward, as individuals and as a nation, to a long era of brotherly striving, shoulder to shoulder with the British, for the good of one another and of all the world besides.

American enthusiasm for the gallant French is of a longer standing, but, until this war, was based upon historical enthusiasm rather than real knowledge. Now it is that sort of friendship

preservation of the new friendship put on foot at once; he wishes to see literature prepared at once; he wishes to see on both sides the birth of many societies, in some sense like the famous Pilgrims, but dealing with more practical and definite subjects. He has requested me to ask both Englishmen and Americans to make suggestions which can be sent along to him. The new friendship must endure after the war ends. How can this best be assured?

"DIGGERS" IN FRANCE: LIGHTNING SPADE-WORK; GAS-PROOF DUG-OUTS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM SKETCHES BY ALFRED PEARSE.



1. RAPID CONSTRUCTION OF BIVOUACS: NEW ZEALANDERS BEGINNING WORK.

2. BUILT IN ABOUT AN HOUR, WITH ROOM FOR SIX MEN: A FINISHED BIVOUAC.

3. WEARING MASKS AND DAMPING THEIR BOOTS BEFORE GOING IN: SOLDIERS HURRYING INTO A GAS-PROOF DUG-OUT DURING A GAS-ATTACK.

The New Zealanders are familiarly known as the "Diggers." The lower drawing shows men hurrying to a gas-proof dug-out during a gas-attack. The floor is sprinkled with a preparation to kill any gas liquid or element carried in, and each soldier has to

brush his boots with a wet brush. The dug-out has a covering door of gas-proof material. Outside is hung an alarm-gong made of a shell-case. A bayonet stuck on the parapet has a piece of ribbon tied to it to show the direction of the wind.

THE CLEARING OF THE BELGIAN COAST: THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS LANDING AT OSTEND.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED.



THE OLD SHIP WAS COVERED BY YOUNGSTERS OF THE TOWN": KING ALBERT AND QUEEN ELIZABETH, WITH VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ROGER KEYES, PASSING THE "VINDICTIVE."

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, with their usual courage, expressed a wish to visit Ostend at the first possible moment after its capture on October 17: "either by sea or air," they said, "as long as we arrive there." Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes says in his official report: "In view of the difficulty of landing and the uncertainty of the situation, they proceeded in H.M. destroyer 'Tern' carrying the Belgian flag at the main, to the vicinity of Ostend. . . . Their Majesties landed and proceeded to the Hotel de Ville. They were received everywhere with indescribable enthusiasm." Further details are given by a correspondent, who writes of the incident here

illustrated: "When Admiral Keyes landed he had with him in a motor-launch the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the launch passed the place where the 'Vindictive' lay hauled in the sands. The hull of the old ship was at that time covered by the youngsters of the town, who had clambered up her sides, and who cheered the British Admiral and their King and Queen with the greatest heartiness." The old cruiser "Vindictive," it will be recalled, was sunk in the harbour channel of Ostend, to block the entrance, on the night of May 9-10 last.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GREAT ADVANCE: LA BASSÉE RUINS: CAMBRAI VANDALISM; TANKS AND GERMAN CONCRETE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH AND NEW ZEALAND

OFFICIAL, AND CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



"A CHAPEL HIGH THE FIELD: A BROKEN CHANCEL WITH A BROKEN CROSS": A RUINED SHIRE ON MOUNT KEMEL.



UNDER SHELL-FIRE: NEW ZEALANDERS IN SHELL POSITIONS DURING A GERMAN BOMBARDMENT.



PROOF OF GOOD CANADIAN ARTILLERY FIRE: A GERMAN S.O. HOWITZER BLOWN OVER BY THE EXPLOSION OF AN ADJACENT DUMP.



"BEFORE HE LEFT THE ENEMY BLEW UP THE BRIDGE OVER THE CANAL": THE WRECKAGE AT LA BASSÉE.



"THE GERMAN SEEM TO HAVE HAD GREAT STORES OF CONCRETE": A GERMAN CONCRETE OBSERVATION-POST AT LA BASSÉE.



BLASPHEMOUS GERMAN VANDALISM CHALKED ON A



"UNHEAVED BY YEARS OF SHELL-FIRE": A GENERAL VIEW OF LA BASSÉE FROM A GERMAN OBSERVATION-POST.



HIS MAJESTY'S LAND-SHIPS GOING INTO ACTION: WHIPPET TANKS ADVANCING TO ATTACK IN A MORNING MIST.



AMONG THE RUINS OF LA BASSÉE: A MINE-CRATER CAMOUFLAGED BY THE ENEMY.



FUTILE, AS THE CANADIANS ADVANCED WITHOUT TANKS: A GERMAN FERRO-CONCRETE TANK-TRAP AT PROUVILLE.



AT CAMBRAI: "GOTT MIT UNS" BROKEN BEDSTEAD.



WHERE THE GERMAN WANTONLY WRECKED ALMOST EVERY HOUSE: A TYPICAL BEDROOM SCENE AT CAMBRAI.

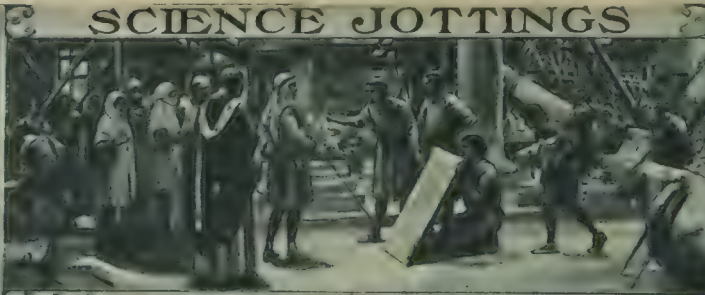
Mount Kemel, shown in our first photograph, which recalls a passage in Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur," was captured early last month. Its importance is as great as it commands an unobstructed view over the plains of Flanders. It had withstood many attacks. Regarding the second photograph, it may be recalled that the New Zealanders on October 15 celebrated the fourth anniversary of the sailing of their first expeditionary force to Europe. It consisted of 8641 men. The number has since grown to 12471, 126,000, while 13,870 of New Zealand's heroic sons lie buried in France, Gallipoli, and Egypt. British troops have now passed well beyond La Bassée, where for so long the enemy had held their line. "Most of our divisions," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "have taken their turn there, and once, after Mount Kemel, our Indians held the line at La Bassée and shivered in its well trenches. So yesterday (October 5)

with all these memories in one's mind, it was a thrilling thing to pass beyond our old front line unheaved by years of shell-fire, past those scared brick-stacks among the mine-craters in which many men were blown sky-high, and into the town of La Bassée, which was German until a few days ago. It was a big town. . . . But it is nothing now but a wild ruin, and that high street no more than a brick-strewn track between his of houses blown into fantastic shapes. . . . Before he left the enemy blew up the bridge over the canal here and made huge craters in the roads, and arranged on dumb some devilish boobytraps. . . . Our Engineers have examined these shelters built under the ruins of La Bassée—the Germans seem to have had great stores of concrete for their work—and have marked some of them with the word "danger" in red."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECTURAL VIEW.



THE SETTING UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SWORN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLIS & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

AS I write, peace is already in sight, and may have become an accomplished fact before any very long time has passed. When that happy event comes, the discharged soldier—already with us in sufficient numbers to make his employment a vital question—will return to the country in a steadily increasing flood, and the problem will

THE DISCHARGED SOLDIER.

every large factory, whether directly under Government or in the control of firms like Armstrong Whitworth, Vickers, or—shall we say?—Brunner,

Mond, and Co., is set apart for such machines, and that men who have been mutilated in the service of their King and country should be set to work them.

There will still remain the ex-Service men—and the phrase must be taken throughout as including discharged sailors as well as soldiers—who are neither skilled nor mutilated. Truth compels one to say that a certain—perhaps a large—proportion of these are unemployable in ordinary conditions. Many have

been through sufferings, whether in foreign prisons, in hospitals, or merely in the trenches, which would leave an indelible mark on any man, and must needs alter his outlook on life, by no means always for the better. Moreover, the perfect soldier is, as every officer knows, by no means the same type of being as the workman who is in the eyes of his employer perfect, inasmuch

as he can be trusted to turn out the maximum output of saleable goods with machine-like regularity. More often is he reckless of consequences, a daredevil who disdains to provide for contingencies, and with a reserve of energy which he can keep untouched for great occasions only by doing rather less than his full share of work at other times. Further, he is generally a confirmed grumbler, inclined to magnify trifling annoyances while making light of great ones, and cherishes deep down in his heart a contempt for civilians and their ways which makes him by no means a model servant. For such a man, factories—in which, according to economic and "reconstruction" authorities, the greater part of the civil population is henceforth to spend its life in paying off the debt we have accumulated—are not the Paradise they seem to others. Yet he would do well in "cottage" industries, where a man works at his own home, can give scope to the artistic instincts that such a character as has been just sketched often possesses, and can work or make occasional holiday as he pleases without any master to say him nay. It is along such lines that the discharged Service man should by preference be employed; and it is "up" to the authorities to provide, by means of the County Councils and Local Pensions Committees which have been formed during the war, facilities for them in every village. When we read of the Germans in their retreat destroying French lace-making machines costing 50,000 francs apiece, one wonders whether Englishmen cannot be taught to use such things as well as our glorious Allies.

There remains work on the land, and employment as watchmen, porters, and doorkeepers—all which places should certainly be kept for men who have fought for their country in preference to those who have not. Legislation—of which we have lately had more than enough—may be necessary in some of these cases; but the main point is that our rulers should take the matter of these reservations in hand at once. — F. L.



A RECORD AMERICAN SHIPBUILDING FEAT: A DESTROYER COMPLETED IN 70 DAYS—LAYING THE FIRST KEEL-PLATE, AT MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

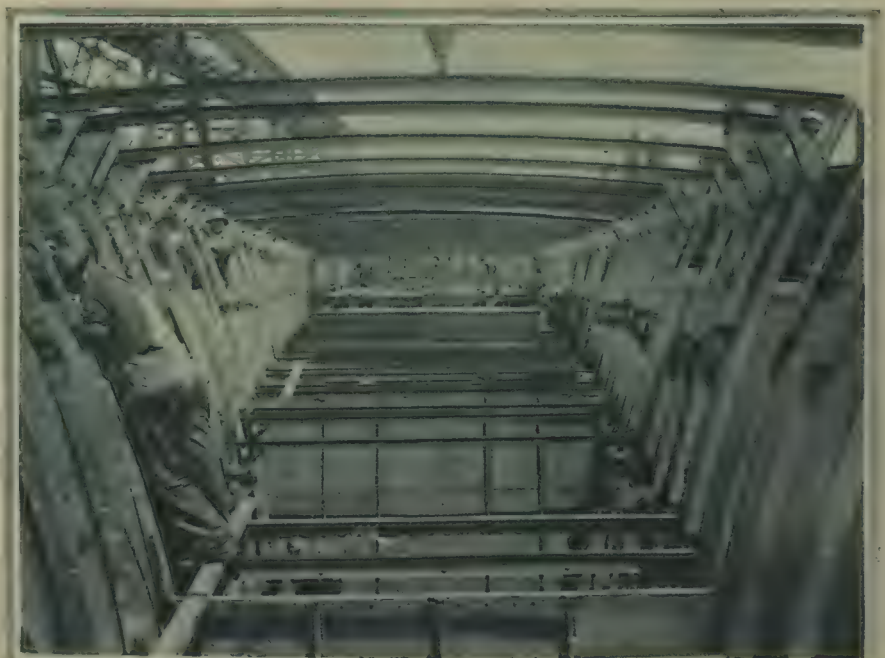
American Official Photograph.

have to be taken in hand seriously. How our ancestors solved it we all know. The old rhyme—

When war is near and danger nigh
"God and the soldier" is the cry.
But when war's over and danger frighted
God is forgotten and the soldier slighted.

is sufficient evidence. After the Napoleonic wars he was simply bowed out by the civil authorities whom his valour had saved, and wandered about the streets and countryside begging his bread, or at the best eking out existence on a miserable pension of a few pence a day. Only in those days he had no vote, and this could be done safely. At present he has more efficient means of making himself heard, and "something," to use the time-honoured phrase, will have to be done for him.

For some—and we will hope rather than believe that they are the majority—of the men who leave the Army, employment is already assured. Certain employers—all honour to them!—have kept their places open for them, and on their return to civil life they will drop back into their former occupations to enjoy the rise in wages which the war has brought about and which is not likely soon to abate. But these are, as a rule, the aristocracy of labour—the skilled men who have learned a trade, and are, therefore, not likely in any case to remain long out of employment. Of the remainder, many are seriously handicapped in the struggle for life by their injuries; but with these necessity and the shortage of labour has already forced our rulers to make a start. Under the fostering care of the Ministry of Pensions and the Ministry of Munitions, inventions—commonly called "jigs"—have been devised whereby a man deprived of an arm or leg, or even of both, can in certain cases be used to do mechanical work of a high order, and many thousands have already been trained in the use of such machinery in the Training Schools of the two Ministries. As these machines will hardly be what is called "a business proposition" when labour is more plentiful, care should be taken at once that a certain part of



BUILDING A DESTROYER IN 70 DAYS AT MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA: ASTONISHING PROGRESS ON THE THIRD DAY FROM LAYING THE FIRST KEEL-PLATE.

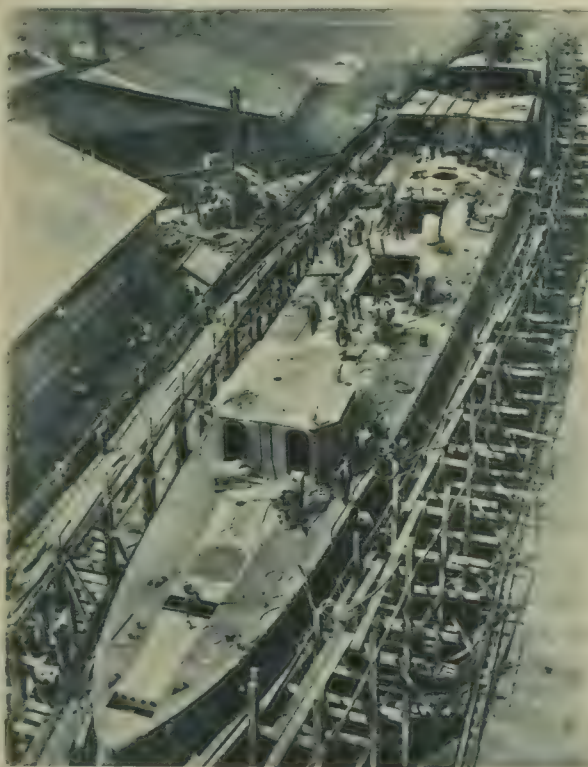
Further photographs and details of this remarkable shipbuilding feat are given on the opposite page.—[American Official Photograph.]

A DESTROYER IN SEVENTY DAYS! A FINE AMERICAN FEAT.

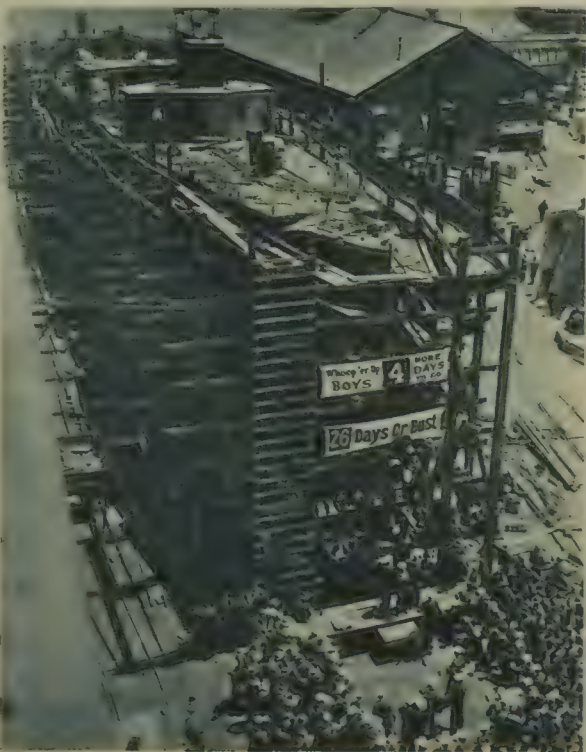
AMERICAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE BUILDING OF A DESTROYER IN 70 DAYS AT MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA: PROGRESS ON THE SECOND DAY.



PROGRESS ON THE TENTH DAY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DESTROYER UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT MARE ISLAND.



"WHOOPE 'ER UP, BOYS!" PROGRESS ON THE THIRTEENTH DAY—WITH A NAVAL BAND PLAYING BELOW.



"FOURTEEN DAYS OLD TODAY, SHE'S SOME BABY!" PROGRESS ON THE FOURTEENTH DAY FROM LAYING THE KEEL.

A tremendous development in American shipbuilding has taken place. The shipyard workers realise the importance of their labours, and, it has been said, "shipbuilding has become a crusade." This result is largely due to the active propaganda and personal stimulus of Dr. Charles Eaton, head of the National Service section of the U.S. Shipping Board. Vast new yards have been rapidly constructed, and building has been

speeded up both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Last year only 20,000 men were employed in shipbuilding in the United States, while to-day there are over 300,000. Our photographs illustrate a typical feat which established a new record—the building of the destroyer "Ward" at Mare Island, California. The keel was laid on May 15 last, the launch took place on June 1, and the ship was in commission on the seventieth day.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPEIGHT, LAMBERT WESTON, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SWAINE DAVIS, BURTON.



2ND LIEUT. D. H. A. SIMSON,
R.F.A. Only child of the late Mr. David Simson, and of Mrs. Simson, Ickleford Manor, Hitchin.



2ND LIEUT. WILLIAM G. CHARLTON,
Durham L.I. Killed in action. Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Charlton, Seaton Delaval.



LIEUT. (ACTING CAPTAIN) H. BEAN,
Seaforth Highlanders. Aged twenty-three. Has been reported by the authorities as having been killed in action.



LIEUT. FRANK ALAN HICKS, M.C.,
Royal Fusiliers. Eldest son of Mr. Alan Hicks, of Great Murreys, Ashstead. Mentioned in despatches.



2ND LIEUT. S. F. J. CAMPBELL,
London Rifle Brigade. Killed in action in France. Son of Mr. F. Campbell, Somerset Road, Walthamstow.



CAPT. DUDLEY G. A. ALLEN,
R.F.A. Second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Allen, late of St. Pierre, Willesden Green. Killed in action.



LT.-COL. R. D. FALCONAR-STEWART, D.S.O.,
A. and S. Highlanders. Son of Mr. George Falconar-Stewart, late Secretary to the Local Government Board for Scotland.



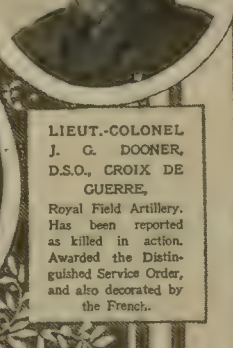
LIEUT. GERALD DRUMMOND, M.C.,
Scots Guards. Only son of Major and Mrs. Archibald S. Drummond, of the Chantry, Bisley, Stroud.



LT.-COL. CHARLES E. R. HOLROYD-SMYTH, M.C.,
Dragoon Guards. Second son of the late Col. J. H. G. Holroyd-Smyth, C.M.G., and Lady Harriette G. I. Holroyd-Smyth, daughter of the fifth Earl of Mount Cashell.



MAJOR H. C. B. KIRKPATRICK, D.S.O., M.C.,
King's Own Scottish Borderers. Had been reported missing—now reported believed to have been killed.



LIEUT.-COLONEL J. G. DOONER, D.S.O., CROIX DE GUERRE,
Royal Field Artillery. Has been reported as killed in action. Awarded the Distinguished Service Order, and also decorated by the French.



CAPT. H. A. FANE, M.C.,
Yeomanry. Reported as having died of wounds received on active service. Was awarded the Military Cross for great gallantry in action.



2ND LIEUT. JOHN STANLEY CORLESS,
Sherwood Foresters. Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Corless, of Ulrick, Greaves, Lancaster.



LIEUT. ARTHUR H. C. GALBRAITH,
Royal Garrison Artillery. Son of the late Major-General Sir William Galbraith, K.C.B., and of Lady Galbraith.



LIEUT. D. R. HUNT,
R.A.F. Eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. David Hunt, of Heatherdene, Milligan Road, Leicester. Has been reported by the authorities as having been killed in action.



PAYMASTER C. GRENVILLE MAILE,
Royal Naval Reserve. Killed in action. Second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Maile, of Colder's Green.



LIEUT. ROBERT STANWARD HERBERT,
R.A.F. Only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Herbert, of Argyll Mansions, W. Killed on active service.



Home Making as *HARRODS* Understand It

Environment affects us all, perhaps in greater degree than we imagine, and surroundings 'designed by Harrods' are alike a constant source of satisfaction and of inspiration.

Under Harrods direction an unusual skill in planning, taste in selection of the furnishings, a trained perception for tone-harmonies, an unrelenting jealousy for what is good and of repute, and an unfailing understanding of the essential elements of 'fitness,' all contribute and co-operate towards that individuality and restfulness which mark the vital difference 'twixt a mere dwelling-place and 'home.'

The upper illustration shows a Harrods Scheme of Period Decoration, and the lower one is of an Entrance Hall, eloquent of comfort and cosiness and 'kindly invitation.'

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Woodman Burdidge Managing Director



LITERATURE.

"All the World's Aircraft, 1918" (Sampson Low) the mantle of the late Mr. Fred. T. Jane has fallen upon Mr. C. G. Grey, a name well known to readers of this paper. The said mantle has grown into a

ships being dealt with in two separate parts. A large section is also devoted to the world's aero-engines. The literary contents likewise include an aeronautical dictionary, an international glossary of technical terms, lists of R.N.A.S. and R.A.F. honours for 1917, and several articles by well-known experts. Thus, Captain W. E. de B. Whittaker writes of "War Flying in 1917," Mr. W. L. Wade on

"War and the Air-ship in 1917" and "Historical Air-ships," Mr. Cyril Sylvester on "Aeromotor Development in 1917," and the Countess of Drogheda on "War Balloons and Parachutes"; while the editor himself contributes a preface and an article on "The Step-by-Step Development of the Aeroplane." Altogether, Mr. Grey is to be sincerely congratulated on his work, which must have been accomplished under many difficulties.

"A Floating Home."

To those "long in populous city pent" there is something very alluring in the idea that

the conventional villa or flat might be exchanged for a sailing-barge, fitted up with all the amenities of home, with the added attraction of being free from rent and rates. It may have its drawbacks, but it can be done—witness "A Floating Home," by Cyril Ionides and

J. B. Atkins, with illustrations (in colour) by Arnold Bennett, photographs, appendix, and glossary (Chatto and Windus). Mr. Arnold Bennett here makes his first appearance as an illustrator, and that fact is interesting in itself, even though he is not as skilful with the brush as with the pen. In the literary side of the book he seems to have taken no part. The story is told by Mr. Ionides, with whom Mr. Atkins has collaborated, and its purpose is threefold—first, to show how the problem of making ends meet on small means can be solved by living afloat; secondly, to pay a tribute to the barge skippers of the Thames and their picturesque craft; thirdly, to study the humours of

Essex dialect. On the first head, the author gives a detailed account of his purchase of the *Will Arding*, a trading-barge, and its conversion into a civilised abode under the name of the *Ark Royal*. The process included a thorough disinfection, and much carpentry and painting work. The complete bill of costs, amounting to £375 19s., is given in an appendix, together with a plan of the boat, showing that she contains a saloon, dining-cabin, five sleeping-cabins, kitchen, and bath-room. The character of the Thames bargee and the dialect in which he speaks are described, with much insight and humour, in incidental dialogues and yarns. The book throws a new light on a class of men hitherto regarded as the literary property of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, of whose books our author writes that his "delightful barge skippers are abstractions. They may be Essex men, but they are not recognisable as such. Enough that they amuse the bargee as much as they amuse everybody else." The book was apparently written before the war, to which there is no allusion, the only indication of date being the year 1912 on one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's water-colours. Probably we must wait till peace comes before we can try the experiment of life on the ocean wave. To-day, doubtless, the price of barges has risen;



POETIC JUSTICE: GERMAN PRISONERS EMPLOYED TO REBUILD HOUSES FOR WHOSE DESTRUCTION GERMANY IS RESPONSIBLE.

It has been suggested that if Germany could not pay in cash for the havoc she has wrought, she could be made to pay in kind, especially in labour and timber.

French Official Photograph.

somewhat more voluminous garment than formerly, as was to be expected in view of the constantly increasing development of aviation. The new issue of this well-known annual work of reference, now in its ninth year, has been duly passed by the official Press Bureau, and contains all that we are allowed to know concerning our own aircraft and those of our Allies, and everything that it has been possible to discover about those of our enemies. The result is a volume of extraordinary interest—one of the real "indispensables" for the library of every one connected in any way with the science of flight.

As in previous years, the book is profusely illustrated by excellent photographs and diagrams. A large portion of it is taken up with a tabular account of the Air Services of the various nations of the world, aeroplanes and air-



CAMOUFLAGE ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN ITALY: A MILITARY CAR ON A SCREENED ROAD.—[British Official Photograph.]

and such considerations as mines, submarines, and air-raids might complicate the problem. Still, that does not detract from the charm of a very entertaining adventure.

Wool and Victory

While war lasts there must be a scarcity of pure wool Wolsey. Wool is as necessary to victory as coal or iron. Wool is the fighting man's protection against weather hardship. Wool is therefore controlled.

Every machine in the Wolsey factories capable of making underwear for the troops is engaged on the work. For these reasons Wolsey can only be had in very restricted quantities.

Wolsey

Pure Wool Underwear

If you have any difficulty in getting your Wolsey remember that the great Wolsey factories are helping to Victory. When victory comes, one of the joys of peace will be Wolsey comfort and Wolsey in abundance.

THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR COMPANY, LEICESTER.





It's all Nourishment

The children must have nourishing food.

FREEMANS DEVONSHIRE CUSTARD is ALL nourishment. You will get the best out of a pint of milk by using it to make the children a dish of this "oh-so-delicious" Food Delicacy. Try it served cold with stewed or bottled fruits, and try it served hot for supper on cold evenings.

FREEMANS DEVONSHIRE CUSTARD is a really economical war-time dish, as delightfully appetising as it is satisfying and nourishing—rich and thick like Devonshire Cream.



Order a large packet to-day and always keep a packet in reserve to make an emergency dish.

It is false economy to neglect nourishing food; so insist on FREEMANS, because it's ALL nourishment.

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Where Pure Foods come from.

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Boisseliers (Boy-sel-e-a) Chocolates, Vi-Cocoa and Freemans Food Products.

DELECTALAND, WATFORD, ENG.



OXO AT THE FRONT.

Extract from a letter received from France:—

"There is nothing better than OXO for a man who has to face the rigours of winter campaigning.

"At all times and under all conditions I have proved its value in keeping a man absolutely fit."

The value of OXO to all branches of H.M. Forces continues to receive remarkable endorsement in numerous letters received by OXO Limited and the Press from men on active service and in training.

It aids and increases nutrition; it stimulates and builds up strength; it is easily carried; it is made in a moment, and with bread or a few biscuits sustains for hours.



Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers: OXO Ltd., Thames House, London, E.C.4.

LADIES' NEWS.

THE Marchioness of Carisbrooke, who has been unwearily in organising matinees and other entertainments for war relief, is going to have a holiday soon—and such a holiday! She leaves, or has just left, for a visit to her sister-in-law, Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain. It will be a renewal of acquaintance of several years ago—if, indeed, the sisters-in-law have ever met. Lord Carisbrooke is the Queen of Spain's favourite brother, and he has made several visits there. Lady Carisbrooke, too, has been in Spain before with her late father, with whom she also visited India for the great Durbar, when she was among the guests of the cricketer Jam of Nawanager, who knew the late Lord Lonsborough well, and stayed often at Lonsborough Lodge during Cricket Week at Scarborough. Lady Carisbrooke is sure to get on well with her brother-in-law, King Alfonso, for, in American parlance, both are "good sports."

Of Ferdinand, late of Bulgaria, we hear a little; of his wife not at all. She is a Princess of Reuss, and an heiress; also, she is a Lutheran in this strangely mixed family. Ferdinand and his two sons were Catholics, and are now Orthodox Greek Church. The two daughters, Eudoxia and Nadejda, are Catholics, as their mother, a Princess of Bourbon-Parme, was. The present wife of this wily person is a German, and has one sister and no brothers. The Reuss succession goes by numbers, all the Princes being called Henry. The present head of the elder branch is Henry XXIV.; while in the cadet family there is a Henry XXXIX. Following the line of succession is like a Chinese puzzle, as is also the case with the Turkish dynasty. Ferdinand's wife was said before the war to have been an unhappy woman domestically, and to have devoted her life to good works.

When a scion of the House of Romanoff designs dresses for women we should think ourselves favoured indeed. I fancy we always have thought so. Count Michael Torby designed some dresses for the stage with such success that there resulted a one-man show of his designs, for war charities; and the models, carried out in the newest fabrics, caused a chorus of admiring remark. Some criticism, of course; for every woman sees clothes from her personal point of view—which is, how they will look on her own self! Count Michael is an artist; how could he be otherwise? His mother is artistic to her finger-tips, and his father, the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch, is also extremely artistic. At Eton the



AN ARTIFICIAL SILK SPORTS COAT.

Made in the newest shape of artificial silk in black-and-white shot effect, and trimmed with black, it is a most useful garment for golf, walking, and all field sports. It can be obtained at Messrs. Shoobred's for the sum of 89s. 6d.

young Count was always drawing. His two sisters are always charmingly turned-out, but never in the least extravagantly or in a bizarre way. The family fortunes have fallen in the Revolution; dress-designing, if successful, is lucrative; and, one may add, a dress-designer is a real autocrat!

An addition of a second son to such a Saxon family as that of Sir Hereward Wake is a reason for congratulation. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Hereward Wake, D.S.O., is descended from Hereward the Wake, son of Leofric, Lord of Bourne. Lady Wake was pretty little Miss Daisy Benson, and she was married from the town residence of her uncle, Colonel Sir George Holford—Dorchester House. Her brother, who is singularly handsome in a young Greek god style, was announced to be engaged to Lady Irene Curzon, eldest daughter of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who will inherit a barony and a fortune. The Bensons are also reputed to be very wealthy.

By their ways we shall know them—the efficient, capable women who ought to have a say, however humble, in the management of that great palace of State—our Government—after the war. A woman who keeps her own home in absolute order, gets on with her servant or servants, and generally shines out in her own little circle, is worth keeping an eye on for inclusion in direction of larger matters. Such a woman wastes neither time nor money over her shopping; she gives herself just so long each week at Shoobred's fine house in Tottenham Court Road, and there gets all she needs for her person, her children, and her house. Her reason for going there is sound; she will explain that the salespeople take an interest in her, lay themselves out to please her and give her the best possible value. The clothes are stylish and of the latest date; while the great sale of them makes it possible to give quite exceptional value. The same system rules throughout. Just now customers are crowding to get blankets, eiderdowns, warm underclothing, winter coats, furs, and beautiful ready-to-wear costumes and blouses. Autumn models, materials, and curtains and rugs are among the present attractions at this great house, and are proving most satisfactory investments to the thousands of capable and efficient women who put her faith in Shoobred's, and never regret so doing.

A friend, lately from Paris, tells me that times there are gay, if expensive. Parisiennes, she says, are beautifully dressed—their skirts shorter and their boots longer than ever. Some jealousy we feel, for here we have so decided a shortage of leather that such great and well-known

(Continued overleaf.)



"I must apologise for being late. Both laces broke and not another in the house."
Hostess: "Why don't you ask always for Hurculaces."



Hurculaces are the ideal laces for boots or shoes.

The enormous demand for Hurculaces has necessitated a rationing of supplies; so, if you cannot obtain immediately, leave an order for delivery as early as possible. Hurculaces are so strong in wear and so smart in appearance that they are well worth waiting for.

Stocked by all Drapers, Outfitters, and Bootmakers.
Manufacturers: Faire Bros. & Co., Ltd., Leicester.

Longest Wear: Least Repair

The most desirable leathers and the most skilled workmanship are to be found in F. H. & W. Boots and Shoes. In this way you get real value in first cost, as well as ultimate value, for every piece of our Footwear will give splendid service over a long period with a low repairing expense.

The F. H. & W. range includes a style for every fancy and a size for every foot.

The "MIRANDA"
(Registered)
Stocked in Button,
Lace, & Derby
Shapes ... 32/6



FREEMAN, HARDY & WILLIS LTD HEAD OFFICES & WAREHOUSE, LEICESTER
NEARLY 500 BRANCHES IN ENGLAND

Adair's Ganesh Preparations

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A client writes:—"I find I simply cannot do without your Preparations. I have tried everything in the world, and find nothing that can compare with yours."

The Ganesh Diable Tonic is the best known Preparation for clearing, cleaning, and whitening the skin—it closes the pores and is an excellent wash for tired eyes. Prices: 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, 21/6 and 57/6 per bottle.

Sample Bottle 1/- on mentioning this paper.

Letters can be seen privately.

Send for Book of Advice.

A Woman's Worries

By ESTELLE.

IT was a charming garden in which to spend a brief holiday. Michaelmas daisies and late roses steeped themselves in the autumn sunshine, and a robin's song sounded in the apple-tree. The clamour of the munition factory seemed very far away.

A quarter of an hour passed drowsily. I woke to find Isabel, looking cool and delicious in a white frock, standing beside me.

"You pretty creature," I said, "sit down and let me have a look at you. You can't think what a joy it is to see you looking so sweet and nice. One cannot preserve their appearance in a shell-factory."

"I am not so sure," said Isabel. "Certainly T.N.T. and things must be rather distressing, but that is not the only work that is telling on the looks of our sex, my dear. Most girls who are on the land, or motor-driving, get dreadfully sunburnt, and the hair of many V.A.D.'s is a thing to weep over. Always wearing a veil ruins one's hair."

"Always wearing a cap at the factory is certainly spoiling mine," I said ruefully. "I was never a beauty, but I had rather decent hair. Now it's getting very grey and thin, and I simply haven't the time to wave it and make it look respectable."

Isabel stared at me in charming dismay. "Dreadful," she exclaimed, shaking her head so that the sun glinted on her own rippling, burnished hair. "This is, indeed, a minor horror of the war. I do hope women will not sacrifice their charm as well as everything else in doing their bit. There is no necessity for anything of the kind, and if you will let me talk without interruption for about ten minutes, I think I can show you that usefulness and ugliness are by no means inseparable."

She leant back in her chair, and as she spoke, I noted the clear whiteness of her skin, the beauty of her hands and nails, the long dark lashes that gave shadowy charm to her eyes and contrasted so well with her fair, wavy hair.

"This war," she began, "is making us find out what is essential and what isn't. We have wasted time, and we've got to work doubly hard to make up for it; that is why you and I have spent five hours to-day in thinning out turnips, instead of lounging in cultured ease. Nevertheless I keep a thick hedge round my kitchen garden, and a few beds filled with flowers and not with onions, because when Jack comes back, he likes to see this place looking as he remembers it. Also I like to look as nice as possible without spending much, because he appreciates it. Last time he came back—she smiled rather shyly—"he said I looked 'worth fighting for!'"

"You do," I interposed heartily. "Well," she resumed, "hard work is certainly bad for one's appearance, and women are realising, to their dismay, that the pre-war methods of soap-and-water followed by a dabbing with some cheap face cream, and an application of powder—methods which sufficed when one led an easy, sheltered life—are not enough to counteract the real strain put upon the skin by strenuous outdoor work. That kind of thing will not prevent you from burning and chafing when you are out all day in strong sun or wind. I have suffered agonies myself from 'freely applying' a so-called 'soothing and healing' cream to an already smarting skin. However, I am free of all complexion worries now. When I first took up gardening I got dreadfully sunburnt. I cured it by using mercerised wax; even our village chemist sells the blessed stuff. I cover my face and neck with a thin layer of the wax, which absorbs the old skin invisibly and painlessly, leaving the fresh new skin exposed. It's only hastening Nature's way, of course."

"I used to think powder was indispensable. But the extravagance and waste involved in using powder made me think. Now I use a simple but very effective home-made lotion of clemite and water that gives the bloom of powder, and remains all day. Think of the joy of not having to worry perpetually as to whether one's nose is shiny or not. Moreover, clemite is good for the skin, and is a marvellous protection against all weather."

"Your skin is lovely enough," I said, "though I'm afraid nothing would improve mine. I wonder, though, if you could recommend something for my hair?"

"I can," said she, "but I wish you'd try my complexion treatment first. As to your hair, this is my suggestion: Come round to the chemist after tea and we'll get some stallax. I'm running out of supplies, so if you like, I'll split an original packet with you, and you can try it. Before you shampoo your hair with it, rub a little olive oil into your scalp, as washing always dries the hair. Stallax is by far the best shampoo I know. Then I'll make you up a tonic—no, it's no secret—just boranum and bay-rum. As to waving, hot irons have most disastrous effect; besides, those hard, regular waves they put in at hairdressers' aren't really becoming to anyone. Silmerine is a very pleasant liquid, and you can regulate the waves so as to suit your features. I myself prefer a slight ripple, and I get it by damping my hair with silmerine, and leaving a slide in. There, what do you think of me as a beauty specialist?" she ended, laughing. "Here's tea, so let's turn to brighter subjects."

"I guess I'll try some of your notions," I said, as we were having tea in the garden.



Princess Eugenie Cristoforos-Palczologue, Lady Collins, Lady Sykes, Lady Powell, Commander T. Wolfe Murray, Colonel Bagot-Chester, Colonel Perry are, amongst hundreds of Society leaders, grateful users of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' wonderful hair-grower Tatcho. What Tatcho has done for them, it can and will do for you.

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY:

Dr. Edward E. Phillips, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., London (retired), ex-Mayor of Bath, Alderman and J.P., writing from Sydney House, Sydney Gardens, Bath, states: "I am taking this opportunity to say a good word for Tatcho. I have used it for years, and I feel sure it has been of the greatest value. Although I am getting aged I have a fair crop of hair left. I have recommended Tatcho to many others, and all have been satisfied. This is an unsolicited testimonial, and I give it entirely 'off my own bat.' You are at liberty to make use of this. Anyone may refer to me. I assure you I have never given a testimonial of any kind before."

Doctors know that premature loss of hair is due to infective germs. They will tell you that ordinary lotions, pomades, and brillantines are more likely to harbour and encourage the germs than destroy them; and that if you really mean to save your hair while there is time, you must use Mr. G. R. Sims's Tatcho—the genuine, the rational hair remedy. For Tatcho contains a powerful bactericide which exterminates hair germs. Its scientific formula also includes the valuable constituents which feed and nourish the hair, and stimulate it to a more luxuriant growth.

Tatcho is a clear, spirituous preparation, the colour of whiskey, free from all grease. A few drops rubbed in each morning work marvels on the neglected head of hair. After Tatcho has done its work, nothing but the Tatcho Hair Health Brush should be used.

TATCHO

The HAIR GROWER

A 4/6 bottle for 2/9

SPECIAL TATCHO COUPON.

THE TATCHO HAIR HEALTH BRUSH FREE.

In order to prove the superlative merits of Tatcho, the Company, inaugurated under the auspices of Mr. Geo. R. Sims, has set aside for trial purposes 250,000 4/6 bottles of Tatcho for 2/9, and 50,000 Tatcho Hair Health Brushes, the latest scientific achievement in hair-brush construction. The cost of this unique brush is 3/6, but one will be sent free when six bottles of Tatcho are ordered for family use, or for distribution amongst applicant's friends. Each bottle of Tatcho bears the following personal guarantee:—

"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me."

Geo R Sims

Get your Chemist, who is authorised to do so, to supply a 4/6 bottle for 2/9, or will be mailed from the CHIEF CHEMIST, TATCHO LABORATORIES, Kingsway, London.

Chemists and Stores everywhere.
1/3 and 4/6.

Robinson AND Cleaver's



No. 1. L.N. 8—Shirt Blouse in heavy Japanese silk, perfectly tailored long rever collar, finished large pearl button. Sizes 13 to 14½. O.S. 2/- extra. Price **27/9**

Write for a copy of our new Autumn Catalogue, sent post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd
THE LINEN HALL, REGENT STREET,
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are the best way of expressing appreciation of the services rendered by our Merchant Seamen.

£50,000 Required

to enable us to deal with 1000 applicants who are on our Pensions Waiting List.

HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE?

£6 a year or £120 in War Bonds will provide a Seaman's Widow Pension.

£16 a year or £320 in War Bonds will provide a home for a Seaman's Widow in the Andrew Gibson Homes.

£20 a year or £400 in War Bonds will provide a Pension for an Incapacitated or Aged Mariner.

Gifts may be sent or further information obtained from the Secretary,

MERCANTILE MARINE SERVICE ASSOCIATION,
Tower Building, Water Street,
LIVERPOOL.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament 1863.)

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE have used this most economical Dentifrice with utmost satisfaction. A few drops produce a most refreshing lather and cleanser, rendering the teeth white, and arresting decay. Also put up in Powder form. **Absolutely BRITISH.** Why not give it a trial?

FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH.

(Continued.)

manufacturers as the Lotus and Delta are anxious that their clients should take such boots and shoes of their make as they find in the shops. It will be useless to order, or to wait for new and seasonable styles. Such of these shoes as used to go overseas are now sold at home, and up to Christmas possibly for a week or so in the new year—we women will be able to get them in all leather. Later, they will be of fabric. Very soon the shops will have the new glacé-kid boots with black cloth tops—the first quality Lotus, the second Delta. We may take comfort to our soles that our uppers will thus be cosily encased in cloth, secured long since, which is, now,

luxurious to touch as to look at. On the whole, we need not envy our French sisters; and they have to pay six pounds a ton for coal, and cannot get much even at that price!

Captain Nigel Esme Haig, who was married on Saturday (the 19th) to Miss Unity Morten—who as Miss Unity More has become a great favourite on the stage—is a kinsman of our great soldier Field-Marshal Sir Douglas of that ilk. He is the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Balfour Haig of Bemersyde, and his mother is a sister of Lord Harris. Thomas the Rymer prophesied that

"Tyde what may betyde there should be Haig of Bemersyde." Mrs. Nigel Haig, on the distaff side of her family, comes of that which gave us the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and her father gave the name of "Old Glory" to the American flag now being borne along daily to New Glory!

About the clothes of the hour there is no appearance of shortage of material or of money. The only shortage apparent is of skirt for day wear. There is also a shrinkage, for the slim outline holds undisputed sway in the evening and house dress campaign for the coming months. Rich brocades in gold, silver, and copper grounds of the loveliest and deepest colours are in great favour. No evening frock achieves real distinction without either embroidery or brocade. Touches of fur are found most attractive, especially on gowns of thin, ethereal fabric. Expensive as all this sounds, and is, it does not always mean actual laying down of money. Most women have brocades, embroideries, metal tissues, remaining from days of plenty, and almost every woman cherishes some fur. These things cleverly used reduce the cost of rich-looking gowns, coats and cloaks. All the same, they by no means eliminate it. Only the highest skill can combine the already used with the new in a way that makes it all of the latest; and the highest skill is ever costly. One war-time axiom we may quote in extenuation of luxurious dresses—the best is ever the cheapest!

The late Miss Talbot, millionairess and philanthropist, chose the only son of her sister

to succeed to her wealth. He had been much with her, and is familiar with her ideas and the care of her great possessions, now largely his. Mr. A. Mansell Talbot Fletcher of Saltoun, the nephew in question, was a smart young

Lieutenant about town previous to his marriage, about sixteen years ago, to Miss Winton, a connection of the Bishop of London. They have two sons and two daughters. Mr. Fletcher's sister married a millionaire in her first husband, the late Mr. Meeking, 10th Royal Hussars, and her two girls are among the most important heiresses in this country. It is a curious thing that so often money goes where money is. A. E. L.

It is, perhaps, not out

of place to give a word of warning to nervous women not to be constantly worrying about influenza. One of the surest safeguards is to ignore its existence so far as is compatible with common sense. When once a thing "gets into print," scare-lovers take it up. To be in a constant state of fidget is to invite attack, and in these days of much indiscriminate travelling it is wise not to anticipate trouble. Avoid crowds and don't suspect danger too readily, are the best precautions.



WIFE OF A NEW V.C.: MRS. TANNATT PRYCE—AND CHILDREN.

Mrs. Tannatt Pryce is the wife of Capt. T. Tannatt Pryce, and a daughter of the well-known London Magistrate, Mr. Fordham. Captain Pryce is in the Grenadier Guards, and displayed great bravery. He was attacked no fewer than four times during one day, and each time beat off the hostile attack, killing many of the enemy.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



A WORKER AT THE VICTORIA BUFFET: LADY BETHUNE.

Lady Bethune, who has been working at the Victoria Buffet for three years, is the wife of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Bethune, K.C.B., C.V.O., and was, before her marriage, Miss Mary Lilian Lockhart, daughter of Col. William Elliot-Lockhart, C.B., C.V.O., K.C.B. Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

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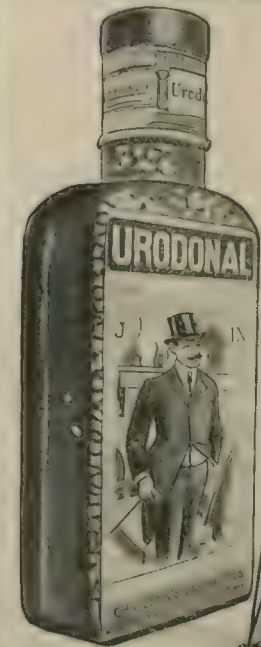
PREMATURE OLD AGE.

PROF. FLEURY (of the Paris Faculty of Medicine) in the course of a communication to his colleagues described some of the symptoms of premature old age, viz.: dyspepsia, constipation, lassitude, insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day, numbness at the back of the neck, headache, cramp, obesity, heart trouble, sudden rise followed by rapid fall of temperature, kidney trouble, loss of memory, lack of determination in action and general want of tone, &c.

He stated that close investigation of such cases had shown that in 165 out of 201 (i.e., 82 %) there was a marked excess of uric acid, this being quite sufficient to cause a man to look prematurely aged. Nevertheless it is consoling to know that this mischievous body poison can be easily and rapidly dissolved and eliminated by the powerful uric acid solvent called URODONAL.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

German Post-War Competition.

Exactly what the economic position of Germany will be after the war is not a matter which can profitably be speculated upon here and now. Whether the few nations which have remained neutral during the world conflict will be inclined to admit German traders to their former share in international commerce is another matter, upon which we are necessarily in the dark for the time being, but it seems to be reasonably certain that Germany expects to get back at least a large proportion of her pre-war trade in the markets of the world. So far as the German motor trade is concerned, it appears that large preparations are being made for the struggle which will ensue upon the cessation of hostilities, and it looks rather as though the old game of Government subsidies was to be employed. According to the Amsterdam correspondent of the *Autocar*, the makers of the Benz car are proposing to build a six-cylinder chassis with an engine of 100 by 150 mm., probably embodying



A COUNTRY PICTURE OF A WELL-KNOWN CAR: A "WOLSELEY" IN A WARWICKSHIRE LANE.

features adapted from aero-engine practice. The great Mercedes concern has an ambitious scheme in hand for

the way, but from all one hears it has been able to formulate something like a definite policy already;

(Continued overleaf.)

throwing on the neutral markets four thousand four-cylinder cars, rated at 45 h.p., the engine having a bore and stroke of 120 by 140 mm. In Holland the price of these cars, complete with body and electric lighting set and engine-starter, is to be something like £454 at the present rate of exchange. They are to be constructed of pre-war material, so it is said, and many of them are already built. Before the war the chassis price of this model was about £1083, so it is evident that either the Mercedes people are prepared to make large sacrifices in order to secure a proportion of the neutral post-war trade, or else the German Government is coming to the rescue with a system of subsidising industries over the period of reconstruction. In the meantime, the British motor manufacturer is not even allowed to know where he stands in the matter of post-war designs and the supply of the essential raw materials. I do not, of course, know any more about the plans of the German trade than can be gathered by



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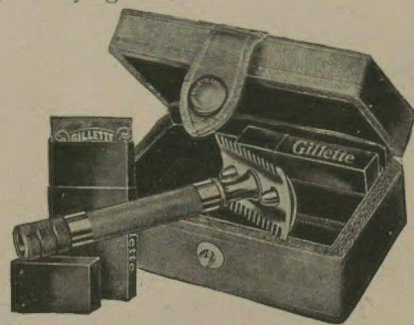
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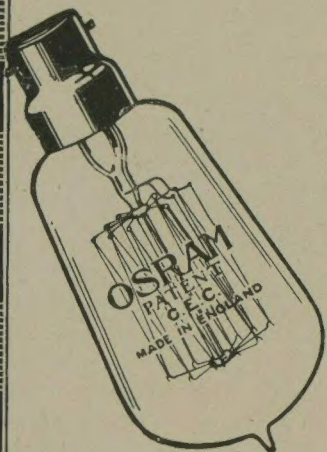
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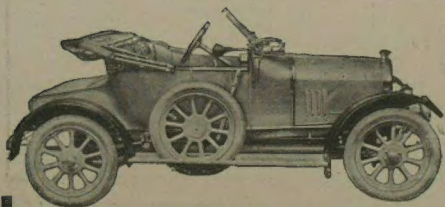
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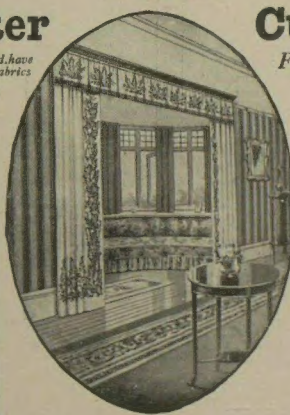
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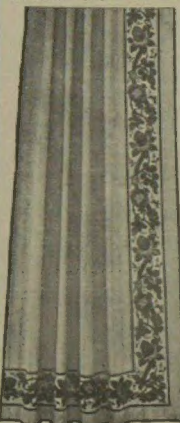
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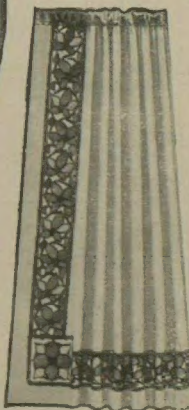
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while all we have been able to do is to speculate on the conditions which are likely to obtain after the war. It is very much to be hoped that peace will not arrive suddenly to find us no more prepared for the economic war than we were for the military conflict in 1914.

An Alcohol Committee.

We are getting on in the matter of home-produced motor fuel. Boring for oil has actually been started, and the prospects of a successful "strike" seem favourable. Much attention is being paid to the possibilities of the low-temperature retorting of canal coals and shales, and now alcohol is to receive the attention of a Government Committee. It is announced that Mr. Walter Long has appointed such a Committee to investigate the available sources of supply of alcohol, with particular reference to its manufacture from materials other than those which can be used for food purposes, the methods and cost of such manufacture, and the manner in which alcohol should be used for power purposes. The Committee is a strong one, and representative of all essential interests, including motoring. Its members are: Sir Boverton Redwood, Bt., Director of Technical Investigations in his Majesty's

Petroleum. Executive (chairman); Major Aston Cooper-Key, C.B. (nominated by the Home Office); Mr. Arnold Philip, Admiralty Chemist (nominated by the Admiralty); Mr. H. F. Carlill, Industrial Power and Transport Department (nominated by the Board of Trade); Professor Charles Crowther (nominated by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries); Dr. J. H. Hinchcliff, Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, Ireland (nominated by the Irish Office); Brevet-Colonel Sir Frederick Nathan (nominated by the Ministry of Munitions); Mr. H. W. Garrod (nominated by the Ministry of Reconstruction); Sir H. Frank Heath, K.C.B. (nominated by the Scientific and Industrial Research Department); Sir Frederick W. Black, K.C.B.; Professor Harold B. Dixon, F.R.S.; Brig-Gen. Sir Capel Holden, K.C.B., F.R.S.; Dr. W. R. Ormandy; Mr. E. S. Shrapnell-Smith, C.B.E., Deputy Director of Technical Investigations in his Majesty's Petroleum Executive; Mr. Horace Wyatt, Imperial Motor Transport Council. Mr. E. S. Shrapnell-Smith will act as secretary to the Committee, and all communications should be addressed to him at the office of the Petroleum Executive, 12, Berkeley Street, London, W.1. The chairman has long been identified with motor-fuel research,

and particularly with alcohol investigation. Sir Capel Holden has been a member of the R.A.C. Committee for many years, and has taken part in much scientific research in connection with automobilism. Dr. Ormandy also is one of the foremost advocates of the use of alcohol for power purposes; while Messrs. Shrapnell-Smith and Wyatt have both been engaged over a number of years in technical journalism, mainly on the heavy-traffic side of the movement. W. W.

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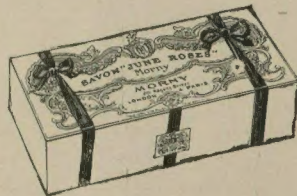
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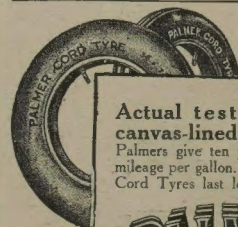
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